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JUDGING merely by the press reports, a good connoisseur of inside play would be apt to complain of a lack of team work in the Administration. While the President is starring around the country in behalf of a scheme ostensibly designed to stop war for all time, Secretary Baker, speaking in Philadelphia before the American Chemical Society, urges military preparedness for the next war. After going through the pious ritual of hoping there will be no other war, he says: "The work of preparing the United States to assume its place in the foreground of such a fight—and there may be such another war—should be begun at once." Two days after this, also, General March informed the House Military Committee that the League of Nations covenant abolished gas warfare, and that the treaty prohibited Germany from manufacturing poison gas or importing any material for its manufacture. Nevertheless, he recommends continuing the Chemical War Service, to "keep abreast of the world" in its researches upon this noble process; for, he says, "the United States cannot run the risk of being unprepared for an eventuality." According to these gentlemen, apparently, Mr. Wilson's League of Nations project is rather a nice thing in its way, but for the practical purpose of preventing war it is to be regarded as on the level of voodooism. This is not complimentary, it is not backing up the Executive's excellent and dextrous grandstand play. It makes a bad impression on the spectators and weakens their confidence. How peculiarly unfortunate, too, that Mr. Baker should have picked out Philadelphia as the place to pull this boner, for Philadelphia is the submissive and admiring satrapy of Connie Mack, who is the father and grandfather of team-work.

ON the same day that President Wilson began his public speaking campaign for the peace treaty just as it was secretly concocted in Paris, the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate ordered the document reported with four reservations and thirty-eight textual amendments. The reservations may be summarized as follows: 1. The United States reserves the right to withdraw from the League of Nations, upon giving the notice (two years) provided in Article I of the peace treaty. 2. The United States declines to assume any obligation to preserve the territorial integrity or political independence of any other country. 3. The United States reserves the right to decide what questions are within its domestic jurisdiction and to deal with those questions itself. 4. The United States declines to arbitrate any question which it believes relates to the Monroe Doctrine. The thirty-eight textual amendments are in essence only four, since thirty-five relate to the various commissions. The most important is that which would transfer German rights in Shantung to China instead of Japan. It was admitted in advance of the Senate's action, by supporters of changes in the treaty, that the amendments would probably all be lost, but it was predicted that the reservations would be adopted after making the second less drastic. Senator Ashurst, early this week, indicated that only twenty-seven Senators would vote for the treaty without reservation or amendments. He named nine, possibly eleven, Democratic Senators who would insist on reservations. Not only in the United States but in Canada also the peace treaty is meeting with opposition, and a caucus of the Canadian Liberal Party has decided to demand amendments and reservations.

BOTH to Germany and to Austria has gone notice from the Supreme Council of the Peace Conference in Paris that no political connection between these countries will be permitted. On the same day that the revised peace terms were handed to the Austrians, Berlin was informed that the provision of the new Constitution of Germany, whereby Austria was to be represented in the Reichstag, must be eliminated. The authority for this is Article 80 of the peace treaty, which says:

> Germany acknowledges and will respect strictly the independence of Austria, within the frontiers which may be fixed in a treaty between that state and the principal Allied and Associated Powers; she agrees that this independence shall be inalienable, except with the consent of the Council of the League of Nations.

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The revised peace terms handed to Austria contain a similar clause, by which, without the consent of the Council of the League of Nations, Austria binds herself "to abstain from any act which might . . . compromise her independence." Virtually no change in boundaries is conceded in the revised peace terms, which have been accepted under protest by the National Assembly, and the commercial importance of Vienna seems to be doomed, as she is left a city of 2,000,000 persons with a hinterland of only 4,000,000 inhabitants as support. A recrudescence of Mr. Wilson's early war doctrine occurs in the answer to Austria's plea for clemency on the ground that the Hapsburgs had been overthrown. The Supreme Council replies that the people of Austria "did nothing to dissociate themselves from the policy of their Government and its allies until they had been defeated in the field." Yet it is admitted that Austria's collapse was due more to the demoralization of her people than to the offensive against her, and demoralization is only another word for dissociation from one's Government. Indeed, most persons, either among the Central Powers or the Allied nations, who tried any other form of dissociation, landed in jail.

IT seems that the United States has naval forces in Turkey; also that there is a "High Commissioner of the United States at Constantinople," who in this capacity "will be in charge, under the direction of the Department of State, of political matters," while the Consul-General "will continue in charge of commercial and similar matters at Constantinople." This is news to many of us, since we are not at war with Turkey and have never been. Moreover, the commander of the naval forces, Rear-Admiral Bristol, and the High Commissioner are one and the same person; and he recently served notice on Turkey that massacres of Armenians must cease. The Porte at once filed a protest with Great Britain and France, interpreting the warning as a threat. All this pointedly raises the question of the position of the United States in Asia Minor. If we can be induced to take a "mandate" over these regions, it will save our associate, Great Britain, a deal of anxiety and expense about friction with the French and also about her economic hold on India; and incidentally it may be a good thing for some American concessionaires. An eminent English statesman intimated broadly the other day that the United States ought to take the mandate as having the only direct interest there; and Great Britain is reported as having decided to withdraw her forces from Armenia by the middle of this month. Army experts, according to *The World* (New York), estimate that the job would involve at least 150,000 American troops, and "the President is said to be convinced that public sentiment in the United States at this time would not support a movement to send an American army to Asia Minor." This sounds reassuring, but public sentiment without any information to focus on is not particularly troublesome. The two things worth knowing in the premises, at all events, are the disposition of Great Britain and the nationality of the concessionaires. If Britain wants the United States to police Asia Minor, or if American interests have picked up whatever exploitable territory they find available, President Wilson will be apt to find some means of managing the matter. The report of Messrs. Crane and King, so far as we are allowed to know it, appears to be exactly what might have been expected of complaisant investigators—the whole people hungering for a mandate as the only means of putting Turkey on its feet, the United States desired as the mandatory Power by a majority of the people except in a part of the Lebanon, and all that sort of thing. The combination of opportunity for business concessions, missionary enterprise, and humanitarian crusading in various portions of the Turkish Empire is likely to prove too much for our Chief Executive.

PRESIDENT CARRANZA'S message to the Mexican Congress was notable less for what he said than for the unfriendly spirit in which his words were received at Washington. According to incomplete reports of the address telegraphed to our newspapers, President Carranza reiterates that Mexico is making progress in suppressing outlawry, citing numerous instances in which perpetrators of attacks upon Americans have been punished. He insists, however, that foreign objections to certain provisions of the new Constitution can be met only by impairing national sovereignty and defeating the objects of the revolution (which, it may be said parenthetically, is just what the oil and mineral exploiters are after). President Carranza's renewed suggestion of a reciprocal arrangement for policing the border is scouted in Washington, although it seems to have logic and reason on its side. Coincident with President Carranza's address comes the annual report of E. L. Doheny, president of the Mexican Petroleum Company, made public in New York (the seat of most Mexican disturbance), announcing a vast expansion programme and showing that profits in 1918 were twice as great as in 1917. Americans who want honesty and fair play for Mexico should concern themselves less with the petty bandits armed only with rifles and revolvers, and more with the financial highwaymen, armed with dollars and political power, who would shoot up a nation while the world's policeman (in the form of the League of Nations) is obligingly asleep around the corner.

READERS of the British-Afghan treaty printed in the International Relations Section of last week's *Nation* will be interested in the address of Sardar Ali Ahmad Khan, president of the Afghan delegation, at the opening of the peace conference. According to an Associated Press dispatch published in *The Leader* (Allahabad) of July 31, he declared that the friendship of Afghanistan was more essential to Great Britain than that of Great Britain to Afghanistan, because Afghanistan was the only barrier between Bolshevism and India. Even a successful war against the Afghans, he remarked, would destroy that barrier. Whether or not the dread label be attached to the danger that threatens in India, everyone who has eyes can see the tree of imperialism ripening in that unhappy land its fruit of exploitation, discontent, agitation, repression—and then? Public life in the Punjab has been all but destroyed under the Press Act of 1910 and the new Rowlatt Act. Up to June 20, according to figures published in *Young India* for September, 596 trials had taken place in the Punjab, of which all but 172 resulted in conviction. Of the persons convicted, 73 were sentenced to death, 147 were transported for terms ranging from two years to life, and 204 were imprisoned for terms varying from six months to fourteen years. On August 6, in the House of Lords, Lord Sinha, Under Secretary for India, reported 852 persons tried (presumably in all India under the Defence of India Act), of whom 582 were convicted; and about 1,500 cases of offences

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against orders under martial law "summarily disposed of." Of 108 death sentences originally imposed, 18 have been executed, 28 reduced to life imprisonment, 23 to imprisonment for ten years, 13 for seven years, and 21 for shorter terms, while five cases are still pending before the Privy Council. The Montagu-Chelmsford reforms have been materially whittled down since the bill was introduced, and public meetings in various parts of India are now demanding the recall of Lord Chelmsford. With famine and disease rampant, and nine-tenths of the population illiterate, it is small wonder that India's rulers fear the world spook.

ORIENT and Occident alike are alive with labor unrest. The legacy of the war is everywhere the same, and everywhere the existing governments demonstrate their inability to deal manfully with economic affairs. The Tokio correspondent of *The Times* (London) writes:

> The failings of the Government are conspicuously those of omission in domestic affairs. From fear of antagonizing the commercial and industrial interests, which almost solely possess the vote, there has been no effort whatever to check the rising prices. Rice today, the price of which regulates that of all other commodities, is 56 yen per koku (about 22s. 8d. per bushel)—a three-fold increase on pre-war rates. When retailed this is prohibitive, but all other necessities have risen in sympathy, bringing about a dangerous situation, with unbounded prosperity for the small tradesman and increasing poverty for the large mass of the people. The amelioration of this condition is Japan's foremost problem.

A repetition of last summer's rice riots is feared, and it is said that any outbreak is likely to be more formidable and better organized than the last. Viscount Kato, leader of the Opposition, has warned the Government of the dangers of the situation, and his promise to commit himself to the redress of wrongs will range against him all the reactionary and bureaucratic influences, according to the same correspondent; but it is doubtful whether he could do much to alleviate existing conditions, even if he came into power. Economic distress is not to be cured simply by substituting one set of officials for another. Japan has entered into the western economic system, and she is paying the penalty for its sins, like the rest of the world.

THE history of the Alien Property Custodian makes a sorry chapter in the war record of the United States. The ruthless seizure of enemy-owned private property and the method of its disposition are not calculated to lead to a tender treatment of American interests abroad in our next war. Recent weeks have witnessed the intervention of the Alien Property Custodian in the probate of a will, on the ground, according to the newspaper reports, that the beneficiaries were largely German women. Custodian Garvan has also asked the President to issue an executive order permitting him to send an agent to Paris to buy sufficient German dyes from the Reparations Commission to supply American manufacturers until German formulas now in the hands of the Custodian can be put to commercial use; and it is stated that Dr. Charles Holmes Herty, editor of *The Journal of Industrial and Engineering Chemistry,* has been selected for that purpose. We cannot say that we are proud of this whole dyestuff business. Those who should know inform us that notwithstanding our "appropriation" of the German formulas, it is doubtful whether our dyestuff industry will be able to hold its own owing to the comparative backwardness of chemical research here. Already this promising infant is emitting lusty wails, and doubtless it will in due time get its fill of tariff pap, while our laundry tubs run riot with all the colors of the rainbow washed from the shirt of the tired business man.

OTHERS may complain of bad times, but not the automobile makers. The show-rooms of the established concerns are everywhere swept bare of exhibition cars, and they will sell to no one with any guarantee of delivery under three months. As a result, second-hand cars are going at unheard-of prices and are snapped up the minute they appear on the market. The voice of the salesman is no longer heard in the land. Each day's orders from distributors, so reports a veracious chronicler, are greater than each day's production by from 25 to 100 per cent. From Detroit comes the report that "if production of the plants is doubled next year, it will fall far short of the demand." It is estimated that if 1,500,000 cars—exclusive of Fords—are built during 1919, there will still be a shortage of no less than a million cars—this in an industry which hardly existed twenty years ago. What makes the present unheard-of buying the more remarkable is that the price of cars is steadily going up; there is no lowering of prices to account for the demand. It is, beyond question, one of the most amazing social and economic phenomena of the time, especially in view of the tremendous outcry as to the cost of living, for people of small means are buying cars who have never bought before. When the New York Police Department asked its members who owned cars to loan them during the Brooklyn strike, no less than fifty men complied, yet New York policemen are supposed to be greatly underpaid, and, of late years, unable to graft to any extent. It is no answer to the riddle to say, as one automobile expert does, that "people are buying cars today as they are buying homes; they find the motor-car indispensable."

TO the old question, "What's the matter with Kansas?" *The Survey* returns a new answer: "Its jails." In the issue for September 6, Winthrop D. Lane, who set out to learn particularly of the situation of Federal prisoners confined in Kansas county jails, gives a picture as circumstantial as it is unpleasant, and puts the ultimate blame upon the Department of Justice in Washington, on whose authority the men in question are held. What makes the situation the more objectionable is that the victims of the degradation described are not convicts, but prisoners awaiting trial, and in the eyes of the law still innocent of any crime. Semi-dark and disease-breeding cells, vermin, insufficient food, crowded quarters and no exercise, Mr. Lane finds, are bad enough, but less debilitating than the fact that the prisoners are absolutely idle. In the Sedgwick jail the men are kept in a cell house which revolves like a bird cage within a lattice frame, from which escape seems impossible and even lawful egress dangerous. More significant than anything else, however, stands out the apparently inexcusable delay in bringing these Federal prisoners to trial. Thirty-four members of the I. W. W., taken into custody on November 21, 1917, are still waiting to face a jury. All were held in confinement until a month or so ago, when eighteen were released on bonds or their own recognizance. Sixteen are still in jail, the Government having refused to accept even such irreproachable security as Liberty bonds for the release of any of them.

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President Wilson as Evangelist

THE President is apparently doing all that was expected of him as he follows, in a double sense, the Star of Empire westward in behalf of his charter of economic imperialism. He has made several speeches and, as far as we can learn, has attracted large crowds. Whether this latter phenomenon is due to his personality, his message, local preparation, or popular curiosity towards the headliner is of course uncertain; and speculation about it is of no great value, since all the circumstances invite mixture of motive. As the President warms to his work, he becomes more vehement. His Columbus speech was graceful as usual, was characterized as usual by a great deal of what the old lady from the country called "fluidity," and was quite impersonal; but as he moved westward, he became increasingly severe with his opponents, called them hard names like "contemptible quitters," and indulged himself freely in the questionable luxury of being very personal indeed. Perhaps Mr. Wilson's disposition to abuse those who do not agree with him is an affair of temperament—we hear that it is somewhat common among persons of an artistic turn—and, as such, must be put up with; or perhaps it is a prerogative of those who feel themselves in a position to make a foible of omniscience, and hence is not to be quarrelled with. Possibly, again, it merely follows the old lawyer's advice to his junior, "When you have a bad case, abuse the plaintiff's attorney"; and if so, we can congratulate Mr. Wilson upon the fine appearance of sincerity that he contrives to throw around his practice of this maxim. It is quite as impeccable and convincing as the very best recorded efforts of his professional forbears, Dodson and Fogg.

For his case, also, whether good or bad, Mr. Wilson has accomplished a good deal in other respects. Most of what he said, as usual, will not at all bear disinterested scrutiny; but it must be remembered that he is not reckoning with disinterested scrutiny. He is going on the politician's assumption that the American people can think of only one thing at a time and that they quickly forget everything. His handling of the Shantung matter, for example, is the work of a first-class attorney:

> Great Britain and others, as everybody knows, in order to make it more certain that Japan would come into the war . . . had promised that any rights that Germany had in China should, in the case of the victory of the Allies, pass to Japan. . . . She was to get exactly what Germany had.

Next week *The Nation* proposes to publish the full text of the German-Chinese treaty, which will enable our readers to judge whether Japan gets exactly what Germany had. Mr. Wilson proceeds:

> The only thing that was possible was to induce Japan to promise . . . that she would retain in Shantung none of the sovereign rights which Germany had enjoyed there [the reader will get a precise definition of these "sovereign rights" in the text of the treaty above referred to], but would return the sovereignty without qualification to China, and retain in Shantung Province only what other nationalities had elsewhere; economic rights with regard to the development and administration of the railroad and of certain mines which had become attached to the railway. That is her promise, and personally I haven't the slightest doubt that she will fulfil that promise.

Nor yet have we; not the slightest. Japan will return that sovereignty promptly and gracefully, having no more use for it than a man who likes oysters has for oyster-shells. If President Wilson were speaking as a man rather than as an attorney, we should wonder whether it were humanly possible for one in his position to be naïve enough not to know that "economic rights" and not political sovereignty determine actual rulership. Those who own rule; and they rule because they own. Give Japan "economic rights with regard to the development and administration," say, of the Pennsylvania Railroad from Pittsburgh to Harrisburg, with economic concessions thirty miles wide on each side of it, and she need not worry about the political sovereignty of the State of Pennsylvania. These "economic rights" in the province of Shantung (according to our own estimate and speaking under correction of those who are better informed) carry enough mineral resources to put a nation which is short only on iron and coal into the position of a first-class military Power.

The President also ventured to say that "this war was a commercial and industrial war, not a political war," and here again we are happy to agree with him. It is quite what many have thought from the beginning. True, the public had it on high authority somewhat earlier that it was, at least as far as our share went, a war to make the world safe for democracy, and to realize other objects of an elevated nature. That was the popular view, and one might perhaps at times have marked a certain tendency in the Administration to enforce that view upon the hesitant, and to stigmatize any other view as improper. But many still held that the war was primarily a squalid squabble over markets and trade-routes; and they now point to the outcome of the Peace Conference as amply justifying their judgment. They persist by strict logical consequence in regarding the treaty as a mere warrant of economic exploitation served by a victorious group upon a defeated group, according to a formula which has prevailed without essential change after every war known to history. They see no more reason, therefore, for accepting the President's indorsement of the treaty than there appears by his own admission to have been for accepting his indorsement of the war. But no doubt the demand for veracity and sincerity under circumstances in which these qualities can by nature have no place is quite enough to brand such persons with the practical politician's white-hot wrath—whether as quitters, pro-Germans, political Bolshevists, or what not.

The attempt to take President Wilson's exhortations seriously has reached the pass of distasteful pretence, and no one should be expected to make it. Which Wilson is the prophet and which the harlequin; and why? Indeed, one may go further and ask which Wilson takes the other seriously, and why. Has the impassioned crusader for democracy any respect for the docile agent of a brazen and unconscionable economic imperialism? Has the author of the Fourteen Points any fellowship of understanding with the promulgator of the peace treaty? Is there any reason why the one should be entrusted with a popular mandate rather than the other, instead of putting both in the category of those whom one looks at and passes by? We knew of none before Mr. Wilson undertook his missionary tour, and we know of none now; and we trust that the residual good sense of the public will withhold its suffrage from Mr. Wilson's present enterprise until one be produced.

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Cummins Versus Plumb

THE underlying issues in the railroad debate are much clarified by the presentation of the Cummins bill. Senator Cummins is an able lawyer, a thorough student of the transportation problem, a progressive thinker, and a level-headed man. He does not speak for Wall Street, and he does not speak for any irresponsible body of radical thought. The security holders have been clamoring for a minimum of six per cent. and a maximum of all that their capital can be made to yield, as the sole condition on which the necessary railroad capital can be obtained. The Iowa Senator sweeps all that aside as politically impossible, yet proposes a plan based on privately owned profit-making capital. The effect will doubtless be to lay other schemes of private ownership on the shelf, and to make it clear that our choice lies essentially between the Cummins plan and the Plumb plan. Here is a real issue; intelligent debate should prove highly educative. Losing tempers and calling names, of which we have already had far too much, gets us nowhere. Mr. Plumb is not a Bolshevik or an anarchist or a wife-beater because he has thought out a new organization for the railroads, any more than Mr. Amster is a leech and a bloodsucker because he believes it possible to solve the railroad problem under a scheme of private ownership. A good motto for us all these days would be, "Come now, and let us reason together!"

Senator Cummins proposes to keep the railroads in private ownership, consolidating them into from twenty to thirty-five distinct systems, preserving competition so far as possible. There is to be a transportation board, consisting of five members to be appointed by the President, and the Interstate Commerce Commission is to continue its work. Between them, these two bodies will control capitalization, rates, wages (ultimately, though with an intermediary wage committee of railroad executives and employees), and the distribution of excess profits above a "fair return" upon "the actual value of the property determined by the Interstate Commerce Commission." A system of profit-sharing is to be introduced, and strikes and lockouts are to be prohibited. Under the Plumb plan, on the other hand, the Government, by means of a bond issue, will purchase the railroads outright at a valuation to be fixed by the courts; the roads will be operated as a unified system by a board of fifteen directors, five each to be appointed by the President, the operating officials, and the classified employees; rates will be fixed by the Interstate Commerce Commission to cover simply cost; any surplus over operating and fixed charges which may be created by increasing efficiency will be divided equally between the Government and the railroad personnel; and if the Government's share in any year exceeds five per cent. of the gross operating revenue, rates will automatically be reduced to absorb an amount equal to the Government share.

The Cummins plan seeks to maintain profits-to-capital as the primary spur to efficiency in production, though the restriction of dividends to a "fair" return on a capitalization officially determined constitutes a sharp limitation on the profits motive. The Plumb plan, on the contrary, wipes out private capital in the industry. As an incentive to production, Mr. Plumb undertakes to substitute what he calls "a dividend to labor." This labor dividend he attempts to make conditional on the progressive efficiency of the industry and reduction of the cost; but primarily he tries to substitute service for profits-to-capital as the industrial driving force.

A second contrast is that the Cummins bill raises bureaucratic government control to its highest pitch, while the Plumb plan seeks to reduce it as nearly as possible to zero. Railroad executives, and notably financiers, have complained for a decade that government regulation has gone so far as to make it impossible for them to run their business efficiently, and especially to attract the necessary capital. Senator Cummins replies by a further sweeping extension of public control. Indeed, he appears to leave little in the hands of a railroad president except the task of trying to prevent his company from failing to earn the "fair return" which it is to be allowed to make. The Plumb plan, on the other hand, attempts to take off practically all government shackles. True, the Interstate Commerce Commission will still make the rates, and the President will appoint five members on the Board of Directors. But the rate-making process will become in essence the fixing of a transportation tax, and the ten directors chosen by the industry can always outvote the five Government representatives. It is objected that in consequence of this latter fact the railway men will fix their own pay. So far as we can see, the charge is correct; the Brotherhoods should boldly shoulder the burden and introduce into their plan an arrangement that will give to the public a satisfactory assurance that they do not intend any process of boosting cost by simply pushing up wages. Senator Cummins would trust a bureaucratic government organization to protect the public against the cupidity of the capitalist and the rapacity of the laborer alike. Mr. Plumb would cut off the capitalist, as such, from any connection with railroad management, and would trust to a new motive, a new type of organization, and a new democracy in industry to insure efficiency and to guard against exaction by the workers.

A third difference emerges out of the second. Senator Cummins, in his reliance on the Government, proposes in the ultimate to prohibit strikes and to repress them by the power of the state. Mr. Plumb, in his reliance on the people, proposes to trust to the voluntary action of the railroad men. The authoritarian element in his scheme is conspicuous chiefly by its absence. The contrast is significant and thought-provoking. The whole tendency of organized government is toward compulsion and regimentation; the remedy for the evils of the state is more state. To this the Brotherhods oppose the principle of voluntarism—not denying the necessity of organization, but proposing to base it on a cohesive organizing principle developing from within rather than on a mechanical scheme imposed from without. Instead of government regulation, they dream of self-control.

We do not propose at this time to enter upon detailed criticism of either plan, or to attempt a comparative evaluation of the premises from which the two proceed. We would only remark in passing that the devices of the Cummins plan have long been tried without conspicuous success, and that its principles are in less good repute than they were even a few years ago. Profit-making as a guarantee of efficiency, bureaucratic government control as a remedy for private rapaciousness, and state compulsion as a means of obtaining correct individual action—who is any longer confident of their effectiveness? Our purpose at this point, however, is not to criticize, but simply to point out the preconceptions of Senator Cummins and Mr. Plumb. Only as those preconceptions are grasped can debate profitably proceed to details.

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The Rumanian Invasion

EVERY little while lately the papers have been mysteriously intimating that the Allies are just about getting ready to commence to begin to do something terribly awful to Rumania in case this enterprising little Power does not get out of Hungary. A number of weeks ago, when the government of Bela Kun dissolved, Rumania marched into Hungary, took up a kind of squatter sovereignty, and has remained there ever since, in spite of some more or less earnest gesticulations and a rather unconvincing line of language from the Allied Powers. The Allies never played better into the hands of their real enemies, the anti-imperialists of Europe, than in their dealings with Hungary. If they had supported even a moderate socialist government at Budapest, they would have held a considerable advantage over the champions of the new order everywhere, and especially over the Lenin régime in Russia. It would have given Central Europe evidence of a sincerity which the weary and distressed peoples would doubtless have accepted as genuine, and would have led to an embarrassing pressure upon the leaders of the new democracy.

But they did nothing of the kind. They seem to have looked upon all liberalizing movements as so many heresies to be exterminated alike, and by so doing they have set Central Europe solidly against them. And now, while they have been dawdling all these weeks over the Rumanian invasion, as high-handed and unjustifiable an international burglary as ever took place in the world, the Continental leaders and educators have been saying to their people: "There you see exactly what their pretended affection for democracy amounts to! You see exactly what you can expect from their humbugging talk about a League of Nations to stop all wars and bring in the reign of international peace and justice. What they do in Hungary and Poland, the Saar valley and Shantung, they will do anywhere." And these leaders have not, one may be sure, lost an iota of this marvellous chance to drive home the weighty moral that imperialism is the real enemy of the world's peoples, and that between the imperialism of one nation and another, or of one set of nations and another, there is not a pin-point's difference. Every democrat, radical, socialist, and internationalist in Europe has his voice raised to the tune that wars are made by economic imperialism; and that their nationalist guise, the flag-waving, the invocation of patriotism, the martial parades, the confiscation of the press, pulpit, school, and forum, is nothing but a hypnotizing measure under which the intolerable purposes of economic imperialism can be carried out. "If you doubt it," they say, "look at Poland, Shantung, the entire Near East, and above all, look at Hungary." What is the answer? Lenin may have passed a sleepless night or two when the Bela Kun Government fell and the Allies had a chance to turn his flank by energetically supporting some kind—any kind—of a democratic régime i Hungary; but he must have roared with Homeric laughter when instead they deliberately picked up his hand and played it for him!

The relations of Rumania with the Allies over her Hungarian enterprise read more like comic-opera libretto than serious and tragic history; and the very obvious feature of the situation is its commentary on the League of Nations project. Either Rumania has defied the Peace Conference, or else she is carrying on her strong-arm game in collusion with the Peace Conference and under its tacit sanction. We do not undertake to say which alternative is the more probable, nor is it necessary to conjecture. Suppose the first is true; well, then, as an observer in *The New York Times* inquires, wh t could the League of Nations do that the Supreme Council of the Peace Conference cannot do? Obviously, nothing; and the stubborn fact is that in spite of all the representations of the Supreme Council, Rumania's troops are in Hungary and give evidence of intention to stay there until they accomplish their purpose of carrying off everything portable in the erstwhile realm. Or, suppose the second alternative is true; that the Supreme Council, while formally protesting against this outrageous robbery, is really conniving at it, with its tongue in its cheek and one eye closed. The prospectus of the League of Nations circulated in this country shows one thing beyond peradventure, which is that the composition of the League will be for all practical purposes identical with that of the Supreme Council. What Pentecostal effusion therefore can be hoped for, to transform what under the hypothesis is no better than a parcel of thieves into models of disinterested virtue, when they rebaptize themselves as a League of Nations?

The dilemma is too much for us, and we give it up. As we go to press, the papers state that 3,700 sealed freight-cars full of plunder, which the Allies have no means of identifying, have passed from Hungary into Rumania; and that it is therefore a fair presumption that our thrifty little associate is nearly ready to withdraw her troops. When one reads of the enormous economic conquests that Great Britain, France, Japan, and now Rumania have lifted out of this war, one begins to think that Uncle Sam has kept very queer company these two years.

The Changed Unchanging Sea

THE sudden capsizing in broad daylight of the English steamer Clan Gordon in full view of a passing ship which saved all but four of the crew is one of the most extraordinary tales of the sea that have come to hand. There is no explanation vouchsafed; men and officers are sworn to secrecy until the official British inquiry takes place. Meanwhile, *The Nautical Gazette* is able to advance no theory as to the cause. Her cargo could not have suddenly shifted, for there was a smooth sea on. Nor is it conceivable that her sea-cocks were opened without warning being given by a gradual listing. There was no time to launch the boats. The inquiry should be followed with the closest interest on this side of the ocean, for there have been two happenings to American boats of so mysterious a character as to leave the imagination helpless to picture what may have occurred. There was the United Fruit liner Marowijne. On August 17, 1915, this handsome steamer conversed by wireless with four other ships, all less than forty miles away. Suddenly she failed to answer any calls; after an hour all the ships assumed that her wireless had broken down. But from that moment to this, no sound has come from her and no sign. So with the navy collier Cyclops, on her way from South America to Norfolk. No S. O. S. came to send ships rushing to the aid of her hundreds of crew and passengers. She has vanished from the globe without a sign or a trace.

One thing is certain. The war conditions have not put an end to the romance of the sea, or to its tragedies. The

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brutalities and wickednesses of the submarine campaign are fortunately at an end; the world is no longer wrung by heart-rending stories of the suffering of women and children in open boats or the destruction of liners, spelling death inescapably to hundreds. But even with these war conditions removed, the enigma of the ocean is not solved and its tragedies are not at an end. The censorship has lifted, but not the fog of mystery that settles down over a ship when she puts out of harbor. This is so apparent that some people are striving for a law to compel every ship, down to the dirtiest old drogher, to carry wireless.

Sometimes even wireless telegraphy alone will not help. The other day there was a fine, trim freighter off the Irish coast rolling in the seas, progressing not an inch, because the captain and officers were terrorized by the firemen, who had broached a cask of whiskey out of the cargo of liquors and then swarmed over the ship. The officers were driven from the bridge, and had there been a wireless, it must promptly have been put out of commission. So she lay for a couple of days, wallowing heavily in the trough, with the engine-room lording it over the deck and the bridge, until, in the nick of time, there came along another ship which bore down to see what had gone wrong, and then summoned two racing destroyers, the policemen of the sea. Then there is the Pedersen case that is figuring in our New York courts. At the first trial, the captain and his son the mate were in the prisoners' dock, charged with the murder of a seaman. The man, it seems, fell or jumped overboard, and the captain would not heave to and make an effort to save him. The crew were to a man against the officers. They had never been to sea before; indeed, they seem to have shipped as an alternative to conscription. It is told of them that as they were in the rigging, while the ship was still off Seattle, the five o'clock whistle blew on shore and the men came down, declaring that their work-time was over. Surely, only a Marryat or a Clark Russell could do justice to such a scene, or Conrad himself. Any old-fashioned captain of clipper days would have felt himself entitled to commit murder in the face of a happening like that—if a stroke of apoplexy did not intervene.

So the romance and humor of the seas are not gone, nor will they go. Our harbor is crowded with the handsomest dark-grey tramps that ever put to sea, fabricated ships and unfabricated, privately-built and government-built, good jobs and jerry-jobs. Yet life on board will never be so tame and humdrum as the life of town or village. The fo'c's'le has gone, that dirty, vile hole in which the crew lived without facilities for bathing, or any of the decencies or comforts of life. On these new ships men are berthed in rooms, four apiece or fewer; they have baths and a separate mess-room; and the crew of three shifts working eight hours apiece is actually in sight. It is all enough to make the old-fashioned story-book salt damn his eyes and shiver his timbers and swear to heaven that seafaring has gone to the devil, when the men, instead of living and being content on rotten salt pork and weevil bread, get the same food as the master. But the old salt no longer serves. If we are going to have our new merchant marine manned by Americans, Americans must insist upon their rights as human beings, or their places will be filled by some other nation's citizens. Fortunately for the trade of the world and the merchant recruiting offices, the lure of the sea will never pass, nor inevitable Adventure leaping out of the dark or through the mist—with Death near at hand.

Prisoners of Peace

"BRITISH and colonial prisoners in enemy and neutral countries were not left bookless," says Sir Alfred Davies, "but were provided with whatever in the way of literature they wanted, needed, or asked for. We did not attempt to dump a mass of books upon these unfortunates like a load of coal. We put the onus on the prisoners and compelled them to ask for what they wished." There was the Canadian, for instance, who, anxious to study the Cree language, got a Bible in that tongue. Thus among the beneficent effects of the World War should be enumerated the spread of a knowledge of the Cree language!

The war is over, we are constantly assured these days, but we always have prisoners of peace. They must have books, too, and why should prison libraries be chosen *en masse* by the wardens? Why compel the inhabitants of Sing Sing or Joliet to go helplessly to the unassisting shelves and take down perforce whatever volume of Pater they happen to light upon? Let them, instead, have the selection of their books.

Perhaps there may be a difficulty here—they may not want any. But a good idea, a chance to spread a knowledge of literature (say recent Cree fiction), should not languish for lack of objectives. We have imprisoned persons for thinking too much. Why not incarcerate some for thinking too little? Let us, then, put behind bars certain persons who appear to need it, and compel them to read subtly selected material. Those who demand war books might get narratives by actual fighters and sufferers as well as by cautious editors and armored correspondents. Those who like to read of the hardy discipline war instructs us in might read also of the growth of violence wherever the news of this war has come. Those who cry for treaties might be given a sheaf of secret treaties translated into candid English. Those who roar out for news of Mexico might be furnished, not a garbled, but a full and correct account of Carranza's address to his Congress on September 1. Those who want the news of labor might read accurate reports from both the workers themselves and from the magnates of the American Federation. All this is generosity: we should be giving them what they want and ask for—and more; we should be giving them what they need.

The question is how well they would like so much. Some way or other, we find it hard to form a mental image of most of them in the act of poring over the Carranza speech, or the secret treaties, or the labor or lynching reports, or Barbusse and Latzko. Not that these matters are strong meat; they are superfluities. And we know how Spartan good conservatives can be in their ideas about prisoners. What, pet and coddle conscientious objectors? What, stuff German prisoners with the fat of the land? No, sir; make them pay for what they have done, and show them the difference between being in and out. No luxuries! Truth, our conservatives appear to think, is a luxury, and not much of it is needed to sustain existence. Here and there, of course, we find dainty ones who demand *ce superflu, si nécessaire;* but they are dilettanti. The basic provender of mankind is doctrine, the doctrine at any moment most pervasive in the general mass. Truth is as sweets to dinner, as foam to beer, as style to art, as ideals to politics, as experience to religion—something luxurious but not indispensable.

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Black is White

By LINCOLN COLCORD

Senator Johnson. When our Government through you, Mr. President, in January, 1918, made the Fourteen Points as the basis for peace, were those points made with the knowledge of the existence of the secret agreements?

The President. No; oh, no.

IN these simple and tragic words, Woodrow Wilson, closing the discussion of the secret treaties at the White House conference of August 19, closed also finally and for all time that magnificent page in history upon which he once was cast to appear as the protagonist of the New World.

Thinking back along the kaleidoscopic two years that have passed since America entered the war, I come to a period, in the summer of 1917, when a wholly different conception of the conflict than now obtains was held by the Administration, and when I was privileged to be one of a group that had constant access to the highest sources of information. This group at that early date based its conception of American policy in the war upon a knowledge and understanding of the secret treaties. I should be untruthful, indeed, if I did not state that the initiative in the formation of this conception emanated from the Administration.

From our position of advantage in the unofficial world (we were mostly journalists), we were able to provide the Administration with a great deal of the information of the press and the street. For instance, in the summer of 1918 the secret treaties were often under debate in the British House of Commons. (Does not Woodrow Wilson read his Hansard?) On the 28th of June, I think it was, Foreign Secretary Balfour, in answer to interpellation from Liberal members, made his notorious statement on the secret treaties: "By these treaties we stand—our national honor is bound up in them." This statement I had the pleasure of bringing to the attention of the President and of Colonel House by letter, enclosing the newspaper clippings of the incident, and pointing out very fully its bearings.

I could multiply the instance by hundreds. Our journalistic group was in constant communication with Colonel House; every item of news regarding the secret treaties was at the disposal of the Administration. I can recall dozens of conversations with Colonel House about the secret treaties, going back as far as the summer of 1917. And I remember how again and again during that season, and during the following winter, we urged upon the Administration the danger of the course that was being followed by America; the unwisdom of leaving the secret treaties unrepudiated; the fact that Russia was the heart of the war, and that we were losing Russia by failing to support her demand for a revision of the Allied war aims; the perfectly obvious fact that, if our negative policy were pursued much longer, when the time came to dominate the peace conference for "liberalism," it would be too late; the whole ominous and disheartening trend of the situation.

But those we saw (and chiefly Colonel House) were serenely optimistic. They reassured us day by day with promises of the President's steadfastness. Never, we were told, would Woodrow Wilson turn against his principles. The future was safe and secure in his hands. Our job, we were reminded, was to help roll up the President's power, against the day when he would be called upon to make his great stand. Needless to say, it was at this time, and especially as we watched the development of Woodrow Wilson's Russian policy, that we began to lose faith. We were young and ardent men, but we were not fools.

At the White House the other day, they spoke at some length of moral obligations. But what can be an honest man's opinion of the propriety of signing a treaty of peace which embodies all of the provisions of all the secret treaties, and which embodies also the machinery of a new piece of international government, the League of Nations, through which all the provisions of this treaty are to be maintained by concerted national action? What can be an honest man's opinion of the propriety of signing this so-called peace treaty, when America went into the war under the leadership of Woodrow Wilson for aims precisely opposite to those incorporated in this settlement, when every word of the publicly expressed policy of Woodrow Wilson throughout the war has been specifically and plainly opposed to such a consummation, and when the country that made such unselfish sacrifices understood quite clearly that it was fighting to destroy the very forces which in this treaty have been entrenched in power? Shall we not keep faith with ourselves and with our own country first of all?

And what shall we think of this amazing charlatan, this man who himself expressed America's ideals, and who, now that he has brought back nothing but the secret treaties, blandly tells us that these are the ideals? The psychology of Woodrow Wilson, at least, will be a study for the ages. The source of his power lies in a capacity for complete self-delusion. He is not disturbed at the terrible thing that he has done; he is quite contented in his mind. He has persuaded himself that the secret treaties are the Fourteen Points. He cannot be caught by argument, because he immediately leaps into another plane. He wins by footwork, while the world thinks it is head-work. He possesses the supreme gift of making himself believe that he is always right. Sincerely insincere, he can see black as white.

And now he is willing to play upon the country's lack of information, which lack of information he himself brought about through his bureaucratic engines of censorship and suppression. He has robbed America of its true and independent Americanism. He has prostituted the soul of a nation—the most sacred charge that can rest in the hands of a leader of men. It will take America years and maybe generations to recover from the blight of his hypocrisy, from the deep wounds of his autocratic designs.

But America is wonderfully healthy, after all. She did not go to Europe to fight for the secret treaties, for any pact which sustains them, or for any League which guarantees such a pact. She went to fight for her ideals. Her ideals, apparently, are not what has been won. Is it a victory, or a defeat? Shall America put her hand to the infamous secret treaties, or shall she withhold her hand? The issue is perfectly clear, and cannot be evaded. Oceans of hypocrisy would not cover it up. Woodrow Wilson may talk till doomsday, but the American people are not yet cursed with color-blindness. They still see white as white, and black as black. They may be great enough to save the nation's honor in spite of him.

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Hail—or Farewell

By JAMES RORTY

(Written in anticipation of the parade arranged to take place in New York city on September 10 in honor of General Pershing. The return of the commander of the American Expeditionary Force to this country last Monday has not only been an occasion for his popular acclaim, but has stimulated speculation in regard to General Pershing's possible entrance into politics and his attitude with respect to problems of the day.)

THIS week, so the papers say, General Pershing will march up Fifth Avenue at the head of the famous First Division. The First, remember, is the division of regulars that was among the first to land in France and the first to fight—that went through practically every major operation in which American troops participated, that gained the most ground and had the heaviest casualties—and that now is the last, or almost the last, to come home. If there is glory in war, the First has won it; if there is virtue in sacrifice, the First has achieved it.

Probably this will be the last of the great parades in New York. The chapter is closed. The world has been made safe for—for democracy-in-moderation, as Ibsen would say. Except for a few thousand Americans still left on the Rhine, a few other thousands in Siberia, and a few others engaged in manifestations within the territory of our southern neighbors, we are at peace with the world.

But why dwell on ironies? It will be worth seeing, that parade. The banners will be flung out on the Avenue, and great crowds will pack the sidewalks and lean from the windows. There will be cheering, and from their perches on top of the arch at Madison Square the eagles will lean down and scream a welcome to the victors—to young America, home from the wars. Ta-ra! Ta-ra! What savage-hearted poet first invented bugles? Out of what lurid mist of dim ancestral memory comes this sudden exaltation—mingled strangely of hate and pity, grief and desire? Why these clenching hands and troubled faces that I see about me?

I shall not be able to stay away. I shall be there, gazing and wondering with the rest, and with the rhythm of the marching feet quickening my pulse. "Good," says the National Security League; "he is a Patriot." At which I blush violently and resolve that, heaven helping me, I shall cast the bugles out of my blood and be a man instead of a fool and a savage. And I should like to communicate my resolve to some of those marching thousands. Not that I think they are feeling especially patriotic. I have no illusions on that score. But for the grace of God, and the fact that I came over in a small detachment, unattached to any division, I might have been marching in their shoes. I know how they feel. "For God's sake why don't they leave us go home?" they are saying. And, "It's great when you see it from the sidewalk, but when you're plugging up the street with a hump on your back—say, buddy, how long is that avnoo?" And finally, of course, "You wait until I get out of uniform—"

Very well, I'll wait, although I haven't very many illusions about that either. Two or three weeks from now those fellows will be free, with the humps off their backs and the clamps off their tongues. Will they say to themselves, as I said to myself: "I don't like the army, because I find it a thoroughly unbearable institution. I think it turns out an extraordinary quantity of morally and spiritually diminished individuals—bullies and boot-lickers. It is hostile to individuality and all too frequently embalms the authority of the popinjay like a fly in amber. The position of the enlisted man in the army is somewhat like that of the unorganized laborer in civil life—except that the laborer has the protection of the civil courts, whereas a soldier seldom cares to risk a court-martial conducted by a jury of his superiors, *by a jury of another species.* Labor never had any rights except those which it won for itself. In the same way the enlisted men in the army will never have any rights except those which they demand and win for themselves."

Those are some of the things which they might say—and say them out loud. But will they? And will they make any effort to translate certain very genuine grievances into effective reforms? "Only those who are not afraid to die are worthy to live," wrote Theodore Roosevelt, who was a man, at least, although a savage one. Judged by the Rooseveltian maxim, these men are worthy to live. But will they live—and how? War kills the spirit as well as the flesh of youth. Are they spent, or have they still to give? To these men as they march past, shall we say "Hail"—or "Farewell"?

But I am forgetting. I was told to write something about the General, and here I have been tactlessly wasting my time on the proletariat of his army. There he is, marching at the head of the column. I crane my neck to see. I am very curious about him, as are the majority of those he leads, I imagine. Does anybody know Pershing? A great leader, they say. But whom does he lead, and whither? The corpse of the old world lies mouldering in its grave, despite all the efforts of our elder statesmen to resuscitate it. But the youth of the world will go marching on. And youth wants leaders—and friends. Who are you, General, and what are you? The enlisted men of the army found a good friend in Lieutenant-Colonel Ansell. He fought a good fight for the amelioration of the court-martial system. How about that, General? Where do you stand? And about the C. O.'s, who are still in jail, and who so far haven't found any friends at all except radicals and "pro-Germans," who don't count—how do you stand there? As a man of courage and a man of sense, you know that it frequently takes more courage to face social ostracism and jail than it does to face bullets. Recalling once more that Rooseveltian maxim, one might say that these men also have a right to live, and to live in freedom. But the President and the Secretary of War don't think so, General. So wouldn't it be worth while for you to whisper in the President's ear something to the effect that Lincoln was not afraid to pardon, and why should Mr. Wilson be determined to show himself so much less brave, less worthy, and less wise?

Of course, these things may be none of our business, and none of yours, you being just a plain soldier. But if, as has been suggested, you should aspire to other leadership—if you should aspire to lead not an army but a nation—? We are curious, General. And youth needs friends. Who are you, and where do you stand? The world moves, the world marches. To you, also, shall we say "Hail"—or "Farewell"?

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Industrial Democracy at Rock Island

By VIGILANS

THE influence of the arsenal employees in matters of production became effective soon after the United States entered the war with Germany. The necessity for production forced the arsenal management to face fundamentals. An industrial survey of the Rock Island arsenal was made and reported to the Secretary of War, in which it was emphasized that efficient production was impossible while there continued such serious conflicts between employees and management as had characterized the past few years. In a statement authorized by the War Department, the situation is thus explained in a memorandum submitted by the employees to the Secretary of War:

> A condition of antagonism and distrust between the management and the employees had grown up because of many familiar reasons, principal among which were the attempted introduction of so-called scientific management methods, and the breaking of promises made to the men that any increase in production brought about by their ingeniousness, resourcefulness, and ability would not be used against them for the purpose of reducing the increase in wages which they secured thereby. As a result of this the men found that their only recourse was to place a deliberate limit on production.

The situation was adjusted by a rapid development of participation and association by the employees in the Rock Island arsenal harness shop in the direction of management. The employees chose the foreman whom they desired and their nominee was accepted. They had not nominally been accorded the right to choose their own foreman, but were able to impose their choice largely because of the strength, aggressiveness, and intelligence of their organization and its leadership. The foreman selected by them doubtless would not have been accepted by the ordnance officer in charge had he not already become convinced of the sincere determination of the employees to produce on a larger and more efficient scale than ever before.

One other step in the development of relations between the employees and the officer in charge of the harness shop at Rock Island is of basic importance. This is the decision of the employees to discontinue restricting production on the sole condition that the official management would agree that no piece rates should be reduced without permission of the employees. The ordnance officer in charge accepted this condition, and from that time on piece rates were raised and lowered almost exclusively upon the initiative of the employees, and never without their agreement. When a general increase in basic wage rates was in process, about four thousand piece rates were changed in three weeks—an accomplishment which could scarcely have been made in a well-organized shop without coöperation and confidence between management and employees. Piece rates were posted in advance of becoming effective, and suggestions were received from the employees concerned.

With the signing of the armistice, the entire situation became radically different. Patriotism had furnished the domininant incentive to production during the war, and there was no question as to the security of a man's position if he were a fairly capable workman. When the fighting ceased, the Government's needs almost instantly decreased to a fraction of what they had been. In short, an economic incentive on the part of the men supplanted the stimulus of patriotic duty. It became a question with the men whether arsenal production could be kept at a sufficiently high mark to give them continued employment.

All the Government manufacturing arsenals were in the same boat. The result was an appeal to the Secretary of War that the arsenals be allowed to manufacture to fill the peace-time requirements of government departments. The Secretary of War was responsive to this appeal, and made overtures to the heads of the several branches of the Government who were in the market for manufactured articles, asking that the arsenals be given opportunity to bid in competition with private concerns. The Chief of Ordnance had coincidently ordered a study to be made of the same subject. Soon the steps instituted by the Secretary of War, the Chief of Ordnance, and the arsenal employees merged, and an organization was created in the office of the Chief of Ordnance, known as the Arsenal Orders Branch, to seek opportunities to bid on Government requirements.

The arsenal employees were given representation in the Arsenal Orders Branch, this being carried out by the creation of a committee of employees representing all the arsenals. Two members of this committee are continuously in Washington working with the Arsenal Orders Branch—one elected at large, representing all the arsenals and serving for one year; another, serving for three months, representing the particular arsenal from which he came and being succeeded for a similar period by a representative of another arsenal.

When an opportunity to bid on a government requirement is found, the commanding officer of each manufacturing arsenal is notified and furnished with data necessary for making a bid, this being done by the ordnance officer in charge of the branch. At the same time, the employees' representatives similarly notify the workers' committees in the arsenals. A committee system is in existence in each arsenal consisting of a committee in each shop and a central committee composed of representatives of all shops. When any proposal is received, the employees' committeemen become immediately active. First, it is decided by the central committee whether its arsenal can manufacture the article upon which bids are sought. Manifestly it is to the employee's interest to get the work for his particular arsenal, since the tenure of his employment depends upon securing enough work to prevent further reduction in the arsenal force. The tendency of the commanding officer of the arsenal is naturally and properly toward conservatism; if the proposal is for work rather aside from the usual lines of manufacture in his arsenal, he inclines to play safe; that is, either not to bid, or to bid fairly high to avoid loss. The employees incline to bid low to get the work and hold their jobs. The result actually reached is that the employees investigate with great care the possibilities of economic manufacture of the particular article being considered. The best men on each process which will be involved if the contract is secured are consulted, and, in effect, the combined experience and resourcefulness of the employees is massed on the problem. Repeatedly the estimates of the employees on labor costs have been so low as to give pause to the commanding officer

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and the planning department, which advises him. The employees then are put in the position of definite responsibility for their own estimates of the performance which they can deliver. They virtually guarantee the estimates as to direct labor costs—in fact, in at least one instance the employees were required by the ordnance officer in charge of the shop to guarantee in writing to meet an estimate which they had made and which he believed to be too low. Not an instance has occurred thus far in which the employees have not held labor cost below their estimate.

In the earlier stages of the system of securing arsenal orders, and before the employees participated as fully as now in the preparation of estimates, two omissions were made in estimating the cost on one contract. The employees were not responsible for this error, which brought the estimate substantially lower than it otherwise would have been; nevertheless, by voluntarily speeding up their work solely because of their own realization of the difficulty of holding cost down to the bid, they succeeded in spite of the fact that the speed necessary could not possibly be long sustained.

It is not only committee members who scrutinize costs entering into an estimate but almost literally every individual concerned in any operation which will be involved on the proposed job; and it is not only labor costs which they scrutinize, for all elements entering into the estimate are known to the employees through their representatives. Problems of overhead, economic use of material, elimination of spoilage, etc., have actually become common topics of conversation outside the shop as well as inside.

A distinct change has come in the type of leadership which the local unions now seek. In conditions of conflict between employees and employers, the unions inevitably seek aggressive leaders, good fighters; now the requirements of successful leadership are distinctly different, and the first requirement is ability as an intelligent producing workman. Union elections have taken on a very different complexion. When Bill Smith is nominated, he and his supporters have put up to them squarely the question of the thoroughness of his knowledge of how to produce efficiently, the breadth of his experience in processes, the extent of his knowledge of the routing of work, his familiarity with the inter-relation of processes in his own shop and in other shops.

It cannot, in fact, be otherwise. The logic of the situation is its necessity. It is the change on the part of the employee from a unit in an organization primarily militant to a unit in an organization primarily productive. The function of the labor union—or whatever the employees' organization is—must be to protect its members when injury to their interests is threatened, as it is recognized to be in private industry as generally operated. Self-protection is the first instinct of life. The labor union has sprung up and grown because workers found it necessary to unite to fight. Actual association in direction of the productive processes and in fixing the conditions under which labor is rendered has so far eliminated the threat of the selfish and autocratic employer that, in the case of the arsenals, the employees find their organization called to serve a new function. The rapidity and completeness with which they have recognized and undertaken this new function is the best proof that the creative impulse responds effectively when the opportunity offers. This opportunity can come only as security of employment and of fair wages under good working conditions is given to the employee. Given this, workers prefer production to contention with the employer.

Americanization

By HARTLEY BURR ALEXANDER

THE term itself is not a happy one; the thing meant by it may readily prove even less happy. *Americanization* is a proselytizer's word; it implies a conscious mission, and hence it expresses a social danger. Not that proselytizing is invariably bad; it is the business of all sane living to make converts and to find disciples; but the conscious evangelist is of all men least certain of sanity, and is always in danger from pharisaism and bigotry. If it is true that it takes zealots to effect reforms, it is equally true that wise men ought to maintain thoughtfulness in the midst of their zeals. The current Americanization programmes cannot be said to be marked by any quietness or security of thought; rather their trait is a hasty and often arrogant self-assurance. In the way of legislative action they have taken, in more cases than one, the form of the big stick, crude and thwacking. In the way of educational propagandas they too often assume the yet more obnoxious guise of a snobbish conceit of knowledge and of apostolic powers for transmitting it. In other words, we are springing to deeds when thought is most called for, abjuring the precious humility of doubt where little is certain and much is dark. For Americanism is yet to be created, and in its creation yet to be discovered.

It is not that there is nothing admirable in such educational proposals. Assuredly we wish all Americans to be literate; we desire a universal knowledge of the English tongue in the United States; we believe in the value of a general acquaintance with the history of our nation and the forms of its government; our citizenship should be anchored in such possession. But zeal does not abide modestly with these ends, and behind such an unredeemed phrase as that in the resolutions of the recent National Education Association conference, advocating "legal provision for compulsory classes in Americanization," there lie vistas of that bureaucracy which has made us curse Germany. Beyond this there is the clacking of old words whose very asseveration empties them of meaning. We have had enough of the melting pot, land of opportunity, community service, American individualism; enough of flaunted flags and patriotic buttons. Even such a fine phrase as "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" is being deadened by idle iteration; and indeed the whole turn of the movement seems to be rather toward making a ritual of our past than toward finding an expression for our richer future.

It would be, of course, but a mean folly to despise or neglect our past. What we are our history has made us, and a part of the meaning of America must ever be the struggle of the Thirteen Colonies, the strife of North and South, the gardening of the Great Plains, and the discovery of the Golden West. Nevertheless, it is easy to see history with a too local and adjusted eye, thereby missing its broad significance. The New England tradition, the Virginia tradition, clear and vigorous as each is, are but thin streams from which to water the life of a continent; nor are all the fountains of our briefer past sufficient to our future. Our eighteenth century was, after all, but a colonial England, half acclimated, and our nineteenth already we look back upon as a period of raw and experimental living. The

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horizons of time and space have hugely broadened for us within the decade, and today they hourly grow. Today we think in continental terms, and realize that North America must be the seat of a life as rich and varied as Europe's ever was, drawing into the full breath of our nationality all that Europe and the world can give. A nation is not an hour of historic convenience; it is a creation of men's ideals; and for the ideals which shall measure up to the possibilities of the American continent not all the tale of the recorded past is yet sufficient.

It is little, then, that we can afford to lose out of our history, which, however, does not begin with the early fringe of settlement along Atlantic seaboard, nor indeed with the whole colonization of North America completed only in our own generation; for the few millions who dwell within our coasts still but sparsely people one of Earth's great areas, and we in America are still in the morning of time. Our history does not begin with this age of migration, majestic as it is, but reaches back into all the ancestral lands of all our varied groups. We are of England, but we are also of France and Italy, and of great Slavonia and of the ancient East. Every land has given something to our making, and all comers bring with them heritages which can become ours only by being prized; by being inwrought into the fibre of a new Americanism, not "Americanized" by the thin varnish of a propaganda.

Until today we have been but an episode of European history; a millennium hence Europe will be but an episode of our history, though ever an unforgettable episode. For we shall have drawn from every European culture, and we shall have been colored by every European epoch; perhaps, indeed, it will yet be ours to realize here, in North America, that unity of European civilization which Europe itself has been unable to compass. In the large, Europe is still what in miniature were the free Hellenic cities, a loose-leagued agglomerate of states, incapable of federation, helpless through its own jealousies, yet with a *fond* of common thought and feeling giving to its civilization one complexion. For us, if we are to fulfil the spirit as well as to acquire the visage of this civilization, there must be no remittance of any of its spiritual gifts; least of all can we afford to neglect the great historic sources of its common character: Greek humanism, Roman law, the ecclesiastical majesty of the Middle Age. These, in the past, have made Europe great, and almost they have made her one; in the future they may make America greater, as surely she shall be one.

Even more than Europe should we prize and cling to those great works of antiquity which have inspired all her arts and letters, and have made her, in the midst of lesser difference, at once Greek and Christian; even more than she, since it is ours, if any one's, to effect the final unification therein begun, and to create, in a newer Americanism, a conscious continuation of the many-threaded fabric until its pattern be shown complete. Let our schools, therefore, remember Homer and all the Homeridæ down to Shakespeare and Goethe, and let our young men be reared in knowledge of the Epic of Redemption as Paul and Dante and Milton knew it; for these things are ours, and should be ever memorially present in our national life, and be the token of our origin and the seal of our binding together. Wherefrom there can surely spring, here in this new soil, something clearer than Europe has yet discovered, flower not of a broken stock but of a sturdy and rooted vine.

But while, in our Americanism, we must keep our European past, because it is ours and precious, we need not, we cannot keep only it. The Old World is overseas; we are of the New. And though, as is the custom of migrant peoples, we bring with us sacred things, we consecrate them to another earth. Man is dust and into dust his bones fall, and in the end it is that soil whence he is born and to which his body returns that makes fertile his creative powers and nourishes his most intimate ideals. It is for no accidental reason that of the two words "nation" and "country," the one harking back to fathering race, the other to mothering earth, it is the latter which absorbs most deeply our patriotic emotion. In the long run of years it is the impress of a native land that strikes deepest into the soul and has most to do with bringing, to local and national feeling alike, their conscious imagery. Only out of a soil where generations have been bred can a pure nativity be achieved; and in the end only America can Americanize.

Still an immigrant race, still owning a divided nativity, the longest-seated of us are but half acclimated to that land which is to be our children's children's. Art and poetry still speak the truth of this, still linger reminiscently in the Old World, with most of North American nature yet to be brought home to us. The literature of England is naturally maritime; its tonic is the sea; ours must be vastly continental and find its key in continental storms and seasons. Even in the more delicate scale of animate nature our fancy is not yet wholly free. We still swear by oak and thorn, where the stout hickory, the pictured birch, the undying sequoia are truer to our fibre; we still dally with rose and lily and violet, with only a secondary glance at the fringed gentian and the mountain columbine; and still for how many of us the lark is the skylark of English lyrists, while our own more wonderful lark of the meadows wakens the morning from sea to sea. Only in one great shift, in the meaning of "corn" passed from Old World wheat to the Indian's maize, have we become imaginatively at home in the land which we have made our own. But this is a profound and prophetic shift, for there is no more moving image in all life than that of daily bread.

Maize is the great crop plant of America; it is the staff of life of the nation. As a plant it is wonderfully decorative, and the days of its growth are filled with its sibilant music. Yet even more than this is the tie which it gives us with the autochthonous past; for in our adoption of the maize from the Indian, the continent has adopted us. It is the plant which they, the first-dwellers, through long centuries of patient and devoted toil tamed from its wild-grass seedlings into a sustenance of populous life. "If one looks closely at these Indians," says an early Spanish writer, "he will find that everything they do and say has something to do with maize; a little more and they would make a god of it; there is so much conjuring and fussing about their cornfields that for them they will forget wives and children and any other pleasure, as if the only end and aim of life was to secure a crop of corn." Certainly not until the white man, through an equal toil, shall have reared from mother earth an equally lasting good shall he hail in full right the earlier American as his brother. And then too, perhaps, he may adopt in spirit the noble ritual of the calumet, symbol and title of the land which he shall have made his own; for the Indian first uplifts the sacred pipe to the blue heaven, next lowers it to the green earth, and thereafter to the quarters of the round horizon he blows the smoke of his peace.

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Three hundred years ago the Pilgrim Fathers were contemplating their voyage from the Old World to the New. At that hour the Authorized Version had been in use less than a decade and Shakespeare was but a few years dead. The Pilgrims arrived in America in the fall, and those who survived the winter which followed owed their lives to stores of Indian corn which they found cached on Cape Cod. This was but a beginning of the migration which has continued ever since, peopling North America with a new race and changing the color of the continent. For three centuries this age of migration has continued, and a new America is but just beginning to find its strength and to become conscious of its life. But the beginning is by no means a final discovery or a full exercise. We have brought with us treasured traditions, but there is much that is vital for our sustenance as a nation which is still cached in the ancient being of our continent, much that we must discover and use if we are still to live; transplanted, we have taken root, but we have yet to flourish.

There is a myth of the Quiché Indians which tells how the lands were peopled by successive races, to each of which, in its day, there rose a new sun. Finally came the day of the present race; "they had but a single language and they prayed neither to wood nor stone, but only to the Maker and Former, Heart of the Sky and Heart of the Earth, their prayer being for children and for light, for their sun had not yet risen." So they journeyed through many lands until they came to the mountain of Hacavitz, where they burned incense brought from "the place of sunrise" and watched the Morning Star ascend, while they waited for their dawn. We, too, are of this race, and we, too, keep vigil, abiding our dawn.

Making the Railroads Safe

By JUDSON KING

IT was a railroad trainman, Tom L. Hadden, of Indianapolis, who apprised me of the Government's safety work. He came in with Safety Bulletin No. 6, poked his big finger under the accident figures for 1919, and exclaimed: "See *that*. There's results. Keep this up and we'll make railroading and travelling safe!" This was refreshing. An everyday trainman enthusiastic for safety appliances and methods! I began to fear for his job, and inquired how he dared, and whether the other men were interested. The answer was not uncertain. "You bet they are interested; it's no joy to us to have people slaughtered, and get killed ourselves. We don't get fired or rebuked now if we report an unsafe situation, or make a demand for new appliances; we get commended. When a start is made to remedy a bad condition, it is put through to a conclusion; no pinheaded superintendent can shelve it. I'm sent down by my organization to demand of Congress that the Safety Section be continued."

It is a personality plus a policy that accounts for the remarkable safety work already accomplished by the Railroad Administration. The personality is that of Mr. A. F. Duffy, manager of the Safety Section, who is a man of ability with an idea plus a free hand, and who at a salary of $9,000 a year puts as much energy into saving life as a $75,000 railroad president puts into earning dividends. The policy is that of comprehensive planning to reduce accidents, combined with working democracy in industry. With the coöperation of a splendid staff and an enthusiastic body of workers throughout the country, Mr. Duffy is translating that policy into deeds. During the first five months of 1919, 867 fewer persons were killed and 16,677 fewer were seriously injured in railroad accidents than during the corresponding period last year.

The very existence of a Safety Section may come to the reader as a surprise. That is nothing strange. If all the constructive things done by the Railroad Administration were known, if the whole truth of the whole situation should be made plain, there would be a marked alteration in public opinion, and many cock-sure conclusions as to "public ownership"—a thing we have not had—would go to smash. It is well to consider what would have happened if the Government had not taken hold. It is necessary to know that a majority of newspapers and magazines do not consider it good business policy to tell the truth and conserve the interests of some 100,000,000 people as against the interests of a few thousand owners of railroad stocks at a time when there is a tremendous, highly financed propaganda afoot to discredit the Railroad Administration, the Plumb Plan, and any other plan which imperils some billions of dollars' worth of fictitious railroad securities, on which the people are solemnly asked to pay dividends as a matter of national honor. Therefore, one should not expect to see much press notice given even to Mr. Duffy's remarkable work in saving life and limb.

But I must return to Tom Hadden and what he told me. "What gives punch to the movement," he continued, after outlining the general system, "is the fact that at the monthly meeting of the division safety committee the suggestion of a switchman, a clerk, a boilermaker, or an engineer goes just as far as that of the superintendent. Every man in every branch of the service is encouraged to report unsafe conditions, or make constructive proposals. All is put in the record and a copy forwarded to Mr. Duffy's office in Washington. Everything is numbered and must be acted on, one way or another, and if action is delayed there comes a demand from Mr. Duffy asking what's the matter with No. So-and-So." Then for two hours Tom Hadden related specific instances of things done to eliminate danger.

Two things in the trainman's talk stood out as brand-new policies. First, the administration had under way a comprehensive plan to reduce accidents of all kinds; second, the employees were recognized—democracy in industry. This led me to call on Mr. Duffy, and I found him like all big men doing big work, simple, direct, without pose or pomp—and busy. For fourteen years prior to his appointment he had been Inspector of Safety Appliances for the Interstate Commerce Commission; prior to that a trainman and conductor. "I'll be with you in a few minutes," he said on introduction; "meantime look over that." He tossed me a twenty-page manuscript and disappeared. It was the report, in splendid form, of the monthly meeting of a Nebraska division of the Union Pacific sent in by Peter Groom, safety agent. There was a roll call showing attendance by representatives from every branch of the ser-

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vice, from superintendent to trackmen. Out of forty cases of unsafe conditions reported at the previous meeting, thirty-three were marked "Corrected." The others were pending, but for good reason. Some forty-eight new reports were made; also suggestions. Nothing was, or had been, ignored. Later I examined Bulletin Six and found that in this region—the Northwestern States—there were 142 fewer persons killed and 1,938 fewer injured in 1919 than for the corresponding period of five months of last year.

"What is the matter with the newspapers?" demanded Mr. Duffy on return. "Here we are working hard preparing for our National Railroad Accident Prevention Drive from October 18 to 30, in which every railroad man in the United States will join in an effort to reduce accidents to the lowest possible minimum, as a demonstration of what can be done. It is an honest effort to save life—to promote the habit of saving life. We want the public to take a hand, yet we can't get the help of the newspapers. What's up?" "Passing the buck" in true Washington form, I referred him to the railroad bankers and publicists as possible sources of information; and asked him as to the origin and organization of his Safety Section. He replied:

"This is the first serious, comprehensive effort made in this country to insure railroad safety to the employees and the public. It is a branch of the operating division of the Railroad Administration, and was created in February, 1918. Mr. Hiram W. Belnap was the first director. He died, and I succeeded him. There was some 'safety first' talk a few years ago, but it amounted to little. Not more than ten roads out of the 188 did anything under private management. But when the Government took hold, things began to happen. It took us nearly a year to get organized and under way. Bulletin Six, just issued, covers January, February, March, April, and May of this year, and shows the results of the first real tryout. In addition to lives and limbs saved, there is a property and liability saving of millions of dollars. It is not only humane; it is good business. The claim agents are rapidly coming to be our best friends."

"Tell me," I broke in, "why have not railroad managers done this thing long ago, since it is a money saver?" Mr. Duffy's eyes blazed. "Because they looked no farther than the first cost of installing safety appliances and practices. The railroad unions have forced the adoption of every safety appliance in the last fifty years. It took the Government itself to do this job. We have had to educate and convince the officers and managers as well as the men. But a light is breaking on them and they are now coming through in fine spirit. Results count." He resumed:

"Every road has its general safety committee, its division safety committee, and shop and terminal committees. From general manager to track and shop men, every branch of the service is represented by men elected by the men in these departments. There are monthly meetings. Attendance is compulsory and is paid for on full time. The superintendent presides, but he has no more power than an engine wiper. All make suggestions, usually in writing. Each suggestion, or report, of a dangerous practice or condition must be followed through to a proper conclusion. If it is not done, an inquiry or an order issues from this office. The democracy of the thing is making for efficiency. It is a mighty good thing for both officers and men."

Fred Meyers, superintendent of safety for the Wabash system, arrived. The chief and lieutenant met and shook hands, not as superior and inferior, but as two friends united in a common cause. The morale of the department was in evidence at headquarters. It is this new democracy, by the way, which makes railroad men almost a unit against returning to the old autocratic management, and it is a thing which must come in all industry. Mr. Meyers later accompanied me to my office and entertained me long with a specific account of how lives and limbs were being saved. At the close, I put this question to him: "You are on the job among the men all the time; what is the fundamental cause of the success of this effort?" "Because everything must be carried through to a conclusion," he answered. "No man's suggestion can be ignored. No man is afraid. At first the men were skeptical, then tolerant; but now they are enthusiastic. As they say, there is no bunk about it. They have seen high and mighty superintendents overruled and meritorious suggestions of humble workers adopted. Worth counts, not mere position. So they are taking hold with a will."

There it was again—"through to a conclusion," no matter where it started. Merit, not rank, in the lead. Thus Thomas R. Jones, head of the safety work on the Georgia Central system, has come up from the bottom to be recognized as one of the star men in the whole department. "Duffy says he can reduce railroad accidents 75 per cent. in America when his system gets in full swing. What do you think?" I asked. "I believe it easily possible. We have just scratched the surface as yet—have just started," he responded, "but it cannot be done if the old private-profit master-and-slave proposition returns."

Seventy-five per cent. was a figure to conjure with, so I consulted the statistics of the Interstate Commerce Commission and other authorities to ascertain how many people we had been in the habit of killing on our railroads. This is what I found; the figures are reliable and conservative: In the twenty-five-year period prior to 1918 a grand total of 229,808 persons were killed and 2,496,611 were injured. This relates to train service and does not include industrial or shop accidents prior to 1913. Mr. Hiram W. Belnap, former director of the Safety Section, is authority for the following: "In the five-year period ending December 31, 1917, there was a total casualty list on our American railroads of 980,565. Of this number 48,801 were deaths and 931,764 were injuries. During this period 1,391 passengers and persons carried under contract were killed and 55,887 injured; 14,652 employees were killed and 815,897 injured; 32,879 other persons were killed and 60,080 injured." During recent years, we have been killing some 10,000 and injuring nearly 180,000 persons annually, which makes our railroad service the most destructive and dangerous in the civilized world. Consulting a comparative table, I found that prior to the war it was from two to ten times as risky to undertake a railway journey in the United States as in any great nation of Europe. Evidently the work of the Safety Section is needed. It should be continued and reinforced, whatever the solution of the railroad question. If human life and happiness are to out-top stupidity in the race for dollars, two conclusions emerge:

Score one for the Railroad Administration for originating and vigorously pushing this important work.

Score two for democracy in industry. It works. It engenders a morale that money cannot buy and even high wages cannot invoke.

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Foreign Correspondence

I. Persia and British Honor

Paris, August 21

THE announcement of the British agreement with Persia comes as a staggering blow to those who, in spite of multiplying proofs to the contrary, have nevertheless tried to believe that the Great Powers, and especially Great Britain, were playing the diplomatic game with some primary regard for honor and truthfulness. The enormity of Britain's offending becomes only the clearer as the real significance of the agreement is pondered. On the surface, to be sure, are to be discerned the familiar earmarks of plausibility. "In virtue of the close ties of friendship which have existed between the two Governments in the past, and in the conviction that it is in the essential and mutual interests of both in future that these ties should be cemented, and that the progress and prosperity of Persia should be promoted to the utmost," Great Britain undertakes to put Persia on its feet economically and help it to defend itself. British experts will "advise" the Government of the Shah in technical and administrative matters, including, of course, the all-important matter of finance, and the army will be equipped under British direction. A comprehensive scheme of railway and other transportation is especially foreshadowed. There will be an initial loan of £2,000,000, to be provided in part by the British Treasury and in part by the Government of India, and to be repaid in twenty years at the extraordinary interest rate of seven per cent. As a further evidence of the high regard which the contracting parties feel the one for the other, there is a mutual renunciation of claims for damages or outlays due to the British military occupation of the country during the late war. All this, it should be further noted, is attended with the reiteration, "in the most categorical manner," of the pledges which the British Government has "repeatedly given in the past to respect absolutely the independence and integrity of Persia." Had the document opened with the doxology and ended with the benediction, it could not have conveyed more unctuously the impression of suave sincerity and effusive goodwill.

In Paris, at least, the agreement has deceived nobody. The moment its terms were made known everybody recognized that a virtual protectorate over Persia had been established, and that the British Empire had in effect received another extension. A territory nearly three times the area of France, admittedly very rich in undeveloped natural resources and possessing oil deposits of very great value to the British navy, passes to all intents and purposes under British control. Certain London newspapers, indeed, among them *The Times*, *The Morning Post*, and *The Daily Telegraph*, at once took pains to explain that the political significance of the agreement had been quite misunderstood in France, to their great regret, and that the agreement contemplated no protectorate but only a friendly extension of aid to a needy state. Such an explanation is the merest sham. Great Britain is henceforth to be predominant in Persia. Only British officials will be employed as advisers; the Persian army will be British-trained and British-directed; the Persian customs, which are to be reorganized, are pledged for the repayment of the British loan; and the economic exploitation of the country will be carried on with British capital administered by British interests. The Persian Government will, of course, be allowed to express an opinion, and its opinion will doubtless in some instances be deferred to, but the British Government will have the deciding voice. It is idle to argue that such conditions do not create a protectorate in fact, or that Persia is not to become for all practical purposes a British possession. As a matter of fact, *The Morning Post* gives away the whole case. At the close of an editorial redolent of satisfaction at what has been accomplished, it remarks that while "we do not think that the new agreement can arouse the objection of any foreign Government," nevertheless "the services of British troops during the war, when they occupied the Caspian region, took Bagdad, and held (what they still hold) the line from Bagdad to Kasvin, thus preventing the Germans from entering Asia by that route, entitle this country to some recognition." The recognition has come, and the Persian lamb rests today under the paw of the British lion.

Where stands the good name of Great Britain in the transaction? The negotiations with Persia, it is announced, have occupied a period of some nine months. Nine months carries us back to the armistice with Germany, and covers the entire period of the deliberations of the Peace Conference. During all this period, in other words, the British Government, itself one of the Big Five, was secretly elaborating a deal with Persia which not only violates the letter and the spirit of the League of Nations covenant, which British representatives in the Peace Conference were helping to frame, but which is also, as it happens, directly in opposition to the constitutional rights of Persia itself. By Article 10 of the covenant the members of the League "bind themselves to respect and maintain against all external aggression the territorial integrity and present political independence of all the members of the League." In the annex to the covenant Persia is included in the list of states which are "invited to assent to the covenant." The signing of the German treaty at Versailles on June 28, and its subsequent ratification by the British Parliament, imposed upon Great Britain the moral, if not the technically legal, obligation to respect the "present political independence" of Persia as a presumptive member of the League. Moreover, by Article 20 of the covenant "all obligations or undertakings *inter se* incompatible" with the terms of the covenant are abrogated, and the respective members of the League are bound to withdraw from any such obligations if any exist. The provisions need no explanation; yet in the face of them, and with full knowledge of what they implied, Mr. Lloyd George and his associates went on perfecting an agreement diametrically opposed to the terms of a covenant to which they were at the same time pledging their adherence. One must search far in the annals of British diplomacy to find an example of more unblushing duplicity.

This is not all, however. *Le Temps* (Paris), in the course of a stinging editorial, points out that the agreement runs counter, in a curiously devious way, to the Persian Constitution of 1906-7. Article 24 of the Constitution of Persia provides that the concluding of treaties and conventions, including agreements embodying commercial, industrial, agricultural, or other concessions, whether applying to Persian subjects or to foreigners, is subject to the approval of the National Assembly, with the exception of treaties which, for reasons of state or of the public interest, ought to be kept secret. Since Great Britain, *Le Temps*

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drily remarks, "has repudiated secret diplomacy," the Anglo-Persian agreement is not to be classed as a secret document; moreover, the Persians themselves have published it; and it accordingly becomes subject to the approval of the National Assembly. But the Assembly has not yet been organized, and the country and the Government are both under the control of the British army of occupation; and it is under this foreign military régime, and not in accordance with the Constitution of Persia, that the agreement has been concluded. Do the leader-writers of the London press assume that the action of the National Assembly, were that body to meet while British forces occupy the country, would be free?

The irritation which the announcement of the agreement has caused in France goes far deeper than mere chagrin at having been outwitted in the scramble for territory and spheres of influence. The irritation has become all the greater because of the calm way in which certain British organs of public opinion assume that an offer of political or commercial concessions to France in some other direction will make everything all right. France has very concrete grounds of criticism because of the way in which Great Britain, it is openly charged, has interfered to prevent the satisfaction of French claims in Syria. The claims of France to political hegemony in Syria are historical and definite, and there is no intention of surrendering them without a struggle; but the settlement of the controversy still hangs fire in the Peace Conference because of British opposition. It is an open secret, too, that the two Governments are at swords' points regarding the disposition of Thrace and, in general, regarding the whole future status of Turkey and Constantinople. Well-informed observers declare that there are more grounds of friction today between Great Britain and France in the situation in Syria and the Near East than there were at any time in the Fashoda incident. This is the happy family of nations whose representatives go on holding solemn daily sessions at Paris, issue high-sounding proclamations to Rumania, gravely discuss an American plan for the partition of Thrace which a Paris newspaper fittingly likens to a five-legged calf, and tide over new troubles by the easy device of creating new commissions to investigate and report.

The lesson of British aggression in Persia should be pondered in the United States. If there remains in America any shred of respect for the League of Nations, either as an ideal of world peace or as an instrument for working justice among the nations once the machinery is set up, the British agreement with Persia should be sufficient to destroy it. If there is still any idea that the Government of Mr. Lloyd George has played an honest game at Paris, or that secret diplomacy and land-grabbing of the old unscrupulous sort have been abandoned at Downing Street, that idea should now be dissipated. All that has been done for a generation by men like James Bryce, John Morley, and many others to remove anti-British prejudice from the American mind and to induce confidence in the inherent integrity of British professions, has been offset overnight by the present rulers of the British people. Great Britain can withdraw its troops from Turkey and leave the helpless Armenians to be massacred, but there are troops enough and to spare for Persia and, one may suspect, for Afghanistan. Ireland is in irruption, Egyptian Nationalists are being hanged or shot for demanding independence and trying to obtain it, India is held down only by force, Canada is in turmoil, and England itself is paralyzed by gigantic strikes, yet the British Government, which has already proclaimed a protectorate over Egypt during the war, now invites rebellion in Persia for the sake of spreading still further in the East the Anglo-Saxon message. The practical question of the moment, and the one which should not be lost sight of in America, is whether the British people, by repudiating the Government which has brought dishonor upon the British name, will make it possible for countries which were formerly rivals of Great Britain now instead to become friends, working for the peace and reconstitution of the world; or whether, with the Persian protectorate approved by British public opinion, those former rivals, such as France, will be forced to resist a world aggressor.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

II. The Ruin of German Austria

Vienna, via Zurich, July 10

FRENCH imperialism wants some strong and reliable helpers in the East of Europe, in order to hold down Germany and the Bolshevist spectre and to support a French military hegemony in Europe, which was the nightmare of English statesmen in the past. For this purpose, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Jugoslavia, and Rumania are permitted to annex as much of German Austria's and Hungary's population and territory as they themselves think possible to digest, and to seize the last remnants of the former wealth of these states. Reckless annexations and plunder are also the best guarantees for the persistence of perpetual hatred between the German-Austrian people and their oppressors, and this is just what the French imperialists want. There is no longer any question of the right of self-disposal. Out of ten millions of Germans inhabiting Austria, four millions are to be subjected to an utterly hateful foreign rule, a crime for which no adequate precedent can be found in modern history except the partition of Poland. In vain more than three millions of Germans protest desperately against being annexed by Czecho-Slovakia. There would have been no difficulty whatever in this case in applying the principle of self-determination, for these Germans are settled on their own compact territory bordering the outer fringe of Czecho-Slovakia, where they form ninety-five per cent. of the population. In the same way, purely German districts with several hundred thousand inhabitants are handed over to Italy and Jugoslavia, not from any geographical necessity, but only to satisfy the imperialist greed of those states.

So far the diplomatists of the Allies have not given any proof of their ability to act as umpire in the endless national difficulties of eastern Europe. The League of Nations may perhaps arrive at protecting national minorities against being exterminated by fire and sword; but it will assuredly fail to secure them a fair treatment and free development. The aggressive nationalism of those states will find a thousand ways to oppress the German minorities, especially by the mere application of the very large discretionary power of the officials in administrative and economic matters. Of course the Czech officials will not confess frankly that their decisions are actuated by national bias, and thus the Germans will be treated as helots, without the League of Nations having any formal title to interfere. The Anglo-Saxon mind seldom realizes the insane hatred that animates

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all the nations of eastern Europe against their historic enemies. Especially are the Czech and Polish people absolutely in the hands of ruling classes which are imbued with the very worst kind of national animosity, and utterly unable to treat German minorities fairly. Their fanaticism even surpasses the most disgusting German nationalism, which, in Austria, has always been more noisy and idiotic than practical. Besides, the German people want more than mere toleration in their own purely German country, where they cleared the primeval forest 800 years ago and built up the whole civilization. They want to govern themselves, and they are resolved to perish before they will abandon this natural right.

What all the fine-sounding declarations of the Czech leaders are worth is shown by the very terms which the Allies will force upon German Austria. This country can in no way be held responsible for the crimes of the former military rulers of the Hapsburg monarchy. The German-Austrian socialists did not vote for the war credits; they always protested against the war, and, as a symbol of protest, one of their leaders shot the Prime Minister, who had been one of the criminals responsible for it. Especially during the last two years of the war, the socialists risked life and liberty in carrying on a most violent campaign against its continuation and against imperialism and militarism in Germany and Austria. Their threatening attitude was a main reason why the former Austrian Emperor was forced to offer peace several times and to put pressure on the German Emperor to the same end. His efforts failed and the whole old régime was overthrown, the Emperor expelled, the aristocracy abolished, an entirely new state built up on strictly democratic and socialist lines. It may also be mentioned that the Socialist Party of German Austria never tried to veil or extenuate the responsibility of the former rulers for the war. On the contrary they have always pointed out in the strongest possible way that the imperial-royal Government was the criminal incendiary, and that it was incited by the German militarists.

Unfortunately the new State of German Austria is economically in a desperate situation. The great city of Vienna, with two and a quarter millions of inhabitants, has been built up as the centre of a big empire. Now all the limbs are cut off and the head is to live by itself. German Austria is a mountainous country without sufficient acreage for feeding its population, without coal, and without great natural resources. All the savings acquired by the work of centuries have been invested in Bohemia, Galicia, etc. These countries owe their industrial development to the organizing exertions of German-Austrian industrials, engineers, miners, bankers, and merchants. What would become of London if it were cut off from the industrial districts of England and Scotland, and if it were surrounded everywhere by high mountains and custom barriers? In spite of these tremendous difficulties, the Socialist Government has boldly taken up the task of reconstruction. But the peace terms destroy all hope. They seem drawn up on an entirely wrong conception, which has been imparted to the Allies by the representatives of the new Slavic states. Here the world has a stupendous example of the fairness that may be expected from the Czechs toward the Germans who are to be subjected to their rule. With incredible wickedness and greed, and by means of shameless falsehoods, they obtained the permission of the Allies to plunder a beggar! All property, whether in the form of land, houses, industries, claims, investments in the territory of these states, that belonged to German Austrians on the first of November, 1918, is to be handed over to the Slavic states, and German Austria is to compensate its citizens, which it is absolutely unable to do. It seems that a confiscation is intended. It must be understood that these investments, which seem now about to be confiscated, form almost the only assets with which German Austria can pay for the food and raw materials that she needs. German Austria must feed and clothe millions of people on foreign supplies, and it has very few export industries. The problem has been solved hitherto by creating new industries in the better situated districts of Bohemia, Galicia, Jugoslavia, etc., and paying the foreign countries with the proceeds. Now the only basis of existence is to be taken away from German Austria, and two and a quarter millions of Viennese are doomed to starvation or emigration. So far Mr. Hoover has saved Vienna from the worst. But will America and England continue to feed these millions perpetually? If they permit the Czechs to plunder German Austria and to turn its inhabitants into helpless beggars, there will be no other way. The Czechs also aim, of course, at getting hold of the whole of German industry in order to denationalize purely German districts. German Bohemia is mainly an industrial country, and if all industries are transferred to the ownership of the Czech state, this will be a powerful instrument for forcing the Czech language and nationality upon the workmen. Further, the Czech Government is planning to settle all returning Czech soldiers in German Bohemia, and hopes, in ridiculous contempt of all historical experience, to make the country Slavic in a few years.

The Czech leaders represent their demands as a reparation for injustice inflicted on them. But the socialists of German Austria always protested vigorously against all vexation of the Czechs by the former militarist rulers. Where are now the Czech socialists? Their leaders support the worst imperialism and chauvinism. Besides, it must be pointed out that oppression in war time was not national, but purely militarist. Any German protesting against the war was persecuted in exactly the same way. Before the war, the Czechs and Poles certainly were not oppressed at all. There has never been an imperial and royal cabinet without an adequate number of Czech and Polish ministers. The leading Polish politicians were among the chief instigators of the World War. They supported the war party enthusiastically. Their secret organization was preparing for war on the side of Austria-Hungary long before the Archduke was murdered, and probably even before the professional militarists of the Empire had made up their mind to go to war. Now they claim to rob the people of German Austria under the shameless pretext that this people forced the war upon the innocent Poles!

The German-Austrian socialists have till now tried to build up a new commonwealth peacefully and reasonably. The people have endured incredible hardships with patience. But the peace terms exclude quiet evolution. It is impossible to realize socialism under such conditions. Probably this is also intended by certain politicians who exercise a determining influence. After Russia and Hungary, there comes German Austria. If it sinks down exhausted by unspeakable suffering, if desperation leads to violent convulsions, to destruction of lives and civilization, it will be registered as a failure of socialism. Perhaps here we find a clue to the peace terms.

FRIEDRICH HERZ

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Youth Passes

By ALLEN BROCKINGTON

I

HIS time was spent
In God's replenishment
Of all that He makes good.
His daily food
Was love. His joyous mind
Sought but to find
The love of every heart.
He wrought his part
In high disdain
Of loss and pain,
And in his eyes
Was no surprise
Nor dread at all,
Whate'er the call.

II

And now he sees the truth
Of all the dreams of youth.
He joins the band
Who touch God's hand
And link the things of home
With those that are to come.

In the Driftway

SO haughty military Shimonoseki and plebeian industrial Moji are to join hands under the sea. Commerce links north and south in Japan as well as in other lands. Shimonoseki, though its rugged hills still bristle with defence, is no longer the proud Lower Barrier against the hot-blooded clans of the south, but it still guards the entrance to the loveliest Inland Sea in the world. While Moji pants and sweats and blackens the heavens, the output of her mills and factories is carried across the blue waters by every curious style of ship that sails the seas. And now the old and the new Japan, facing each other across the Strait, are to be inexorably bound by a tunnel. (Were the Drifter consulted, he would make the tunnel large enough to swallow all of Moji; but even submerging would scarcely purify the Pittsburgh of Nippon.) Shimonoseki has been threatened before by commerce. Fifty years ago it was an American merchantman that tempted a short-sighted governor to turn the foreigner's own weapons against him. He fired on the Plymouth, and the shot was answered by a foursome squadron of British, French, Dutch, and American ships. No wonder that Shimonoseki, or what was left of it, had a prejudice against trade and foreign relations.

* * * * *

BUT commerce now calls louder than guns, and even the Lower Barrier must be a port of trade. Its towering hills may hold themselves aloof, mindful perhaps of their last distinction, when Li Hung Chang and Count Ito there terminated the war between Japan and China, but the city at the other end of the tunnel, flying its piratical flag of smoke, is the city of the future. The Drifter wonders about the tunnel. Will it enable the globe-trotter to be rushed down by night train from Kobe, shot through the tunnel, and whisked on again to the waiting steamer at Nagasaki without emergence into the outer air? He will, of course, still have "been in Japan." He may still ride to the quay in a 'ricksha, and can tell of seeing the red-cheeked girls, blue towels on their heads, coaling the ship with flat baskets—for he might have seen them if he had not hurried to the dining cabin. To such a traveller the tunnel will doubtless be a boon, and his tribe increases mightily. Through Vladivostok comes a quickening stream of the undecided, or the uncaught—money-bags in hand. With gold as their sole reliance they outbid each other for creature comforts, and prices in Japan leap merrily, while conscientious little policemen work overtime on their reports. For these, a tunnel by all means, with its suggestions of hidden safety. But for the Drifter, the isle-starred blue waters where gray temples brood, and the plashing of the ripples on the blunt prow of his drifting junk.

* * * * *

IF only the Drifter had not so often and so affectionately read Rabelais he could take more pleasure in Congress, but as it is he never sits out a session there or looks over the Congressional Record without remembering "How Queen Whims' Officers Were Employed," as Doctor François informs us in his Fifth Book. Some, of course, did things now unquotable. "Others, with three couples of foxes in one yoke, ploughed a sandy shore, and did not lose their seed. . . . Others sheared asses, and thus got long fleece wool. Others gathered off of thorns grapes, and figs off of thistles. . . . Others washed asses' heads, without losing their soap. Others taught cows to dance, and did not lose their fiddling. Others pitched nets to catch the wind, and took cock lobsters in them. . . . Others set carts before the horses, and began to flay eels at the tail; neither did the eels cry before they were hurt, like those of Melun. Others out of nothing made great things, and made great things return to nothing. Others cut fire into steaks, with a knife, and drew water with a fish net. . . . Others made a virtue of necessity, and the best of a bad market, which seemed to me a very good piece of work. . . . Others, in a large grass-plat, exactly measured how far the fleas could go at a hop, a step, and a jump; and told us that this was exceedingly useful for the ruling of kingdoms, the conduct of armies, and the administration of commonwealths; and that Socrates, who first got philosophy out of heaven and from idling and trifling made it profitable and of moment, used to spend half of his philosophizing time in measuring the leaps of fleas, as Aristophanes, the quintessential, affirms." It would be as vain as cruel to draw all the parallels which suggest themselves.

THE DRIFTER

Contributors to this Issue

LINCOLN COLCORD, formerly of the staff of *The Nation*, has known intimately the diplomatic history of the war.

JAMES RORTY is a former member of the A. E. F., already favorably known to readers of *The Nation*.

VIGILANS is a student and writer who has watched the Rock Island experiment at close range.

HARTLEY BURR ALEXANDER is professor of philosophy in the University of Nebraska.

JUDSON KING is executive secretary of the National Popular Government League.

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Correspondence

The Harshness of the Treaty

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of August 9, both you, editorially, and your Paris correspondent, Mr. Berle, repeat the misstatements about President Wilson, which, in effect, you made in your issue of July 19. In that issue, you addressed fourteen questions to Mr. Wilson, the last of which reads as follows:

"Fourteen. Finally, and most important of all, is it not true that when *all the British delegates in Paris,* Lloyd George included, asked you to help them modify what they considered the unduly harsh and cruel features of the treaty with Germany, you, voicing as you have so often asserted the aspirations of the common peoples and of humanity itself, declined to give your aid to these delegates, that being one reason why Lloyd George describes the treaty as 'terribly severe'?"

The answer to the foregoing is—No. Inasmuch as the question was addressed to Mr. Wilson, perhaps you are unwilling to have any one except him answer the question, but as it so happens, I was active upon several of the treaty commissions at Paris; and in close touch with Mr. Lloyd George and the other British delegates. Therefore I venture to take upon myself the answer to this particular question.

"All the British delegates in Paris, Lloyd George included," did not ask President Wilson, or the members of the American delegation, to help them modify any features of the treaty. On the contrary, we, acting under the instructions of Mr. Wilson, asked the British to help us modify certain features, not on the grounds that such features were "harsh and cruel," but because we believed that certain clauses could be made more thoroughly workable.

Your information, from whatever source it came, is without foundation. You repeat this incorrect statement when, in your issue of August 9, you say: "Mr. Wilson himself ignored the pleas of the British delegates at Paris to mitigate the severity of the terms to the enemy"; and when Mr. Berle says: "Every British functionary from Lloyd George down besought Mr. Wilson to modify the treaty, to make it just, to do in fact, the right he had been proclaiming."

This is all wholly untrue. What you and your correspondent have done is simply to repeat a lot of idle gossip that gained considerable currency at the time, but that was just as untrue then as it is now.

North Haven, Me., September 1 THOMAS W. LAMONT

Sir George Paish and Capital Levies

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have not seen the interview with Sir George Paish in *The New York Tribune,* to which you refer on p. 98 of your issue of July 26, but I am quite sure that he said nothing which justifies your associating him in the slenderest way with any endeavor to make the League of Nations plan "part of a scheme for getting the United States to underwrite all these foreign international obligations." Sir George does not belong to that kind of school; and he would not ask the United States to do for Europe anything that he is not prepared to advocate that his own country should also do. But I should not wonder if he did say that even if America should (supposing she could) withdraw altogether from the political tangle of Europe, it would be uncommonly bad business for her to decline to help Europe out of the present financial distress, even though that help had to take the form of "capital levies, both national and international." For without this help, a not inconsiderable market for American goods will disappear altogether. And may I ask why you consider "capital levies, both national and international," to be only a delicate paraphrase of "repudiation"? A capital levy is no more repudiation than any other form of taxation to meet national obligations, whether these be obligations of indebtedness or of good will. The chief difference is simply that the capital levy will only touch those who can afford to pay—mainly out of their war profits.

London, August 11 RICHARD ROBERTS

The War Debt of the Nations

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have hoped that at the end of the war some statesman with the vision and heart of Lincoln would step to the front of the armies returning from the battle-fields of Europe, and say to the men who had remained at home: "Men and brothers, the war is over. The earth is full of graves, and the world is full of wounded and widows and orphans. We are not going to ask you to make the sacrifice which we have made. We have offered, and many of us have given, our lives for the common good. You have remained at home in safety, and many of you have improved your fortunes as a result of the war. We are going to ask you to make a sacrifice in kind. The public debt of the world must be wiped out. To that end an annual tax of twelve and a half per cent. must be levied upon all public securities, payable at the Treasury. That will give you a reasonable time to make your adjustments and extinguish the world's debt in ten years. You will not complain at that division of the sacrifice which the war has laid upon mankind. We have given our lives; you are asked to give a part only of your fortunes. To continue the debt would be as cruel as to continue the war. In the future when we want to do something for human welfare, we are not going to be told that it cannot be done because the interest has to be paid on your bonds. The earth is here, the wheeling seasons are here, bountiful nature is here. Let us all start together *free,* and build a safer world and a better race."

The treaty of Paris is an attempt to hypnotize men's minds while the mountain of war debts is laid upon their backs. If that can be done without revolution, and the peoples kept quiet for five years, the burden will slowly be brought to rest, and men will come to think of it as part of the world-order, like gravitation. The holders of the bonds can then gradually shift the incidence of taxation, and mankind will exist only to pay their interest. The debt can be increased from time to time by the nationalization of railroads, mines, etc., and the present economic system will thus be transferred into a fixed charge and perpetual slavery.

We welcomed the *political* revolution in Germany, Austria, and Russia. In a large measure we caused it. But we wish to stop the revolution with political change. To this the distressed peoples of Eastern Europe say: "The political tyranny was only part of our oppression. It and the existing economic order are aspects of a single scheme. Of the two the economic system has caused most suffering. They are inseparable. The political system has in fact existed simply to protect the economic system. We want to mend them both. For us there can be no liberty, no democracy, no freedom from misery unless we can change the economic order." The Allied nations at Paris constituted themselves a Holy Alliance to prevent that change. Why? Because the economic system of England, France, and the United States is part and parcel of the economic system of Germany, Austria, and Russia. No change can be tolerated in the one which does not necessitate a similar change in the other. Just as the Bourbons a hundred years ago united to put down political democracy, so the economic Bourbons of the Allied nations have written the treaty of Paris to make immortal the present economic order. The period of their success will measure the term during which human progress can be held back.

At such a time, with the teaching of history before our eyes, it is marvellous how little of the world's recognized talent is on the side of humanity. The truth is that the established order has piled so many sofa pillows about us all that if anyone comes with a social programme of real benefit, he has to disturb some

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of our sofa pillows, and then we know that he is an enemy of the common good. It does not matter what the institution is that has made us comfortable. It may be human slavery. If we have enjoyed it for a generation or so, anybody who disturbs it is an enemy of the common good. That is why the established order is so strong. What Paul said is good political economy, and is still true: "God hath not chosen many rich, or many great, or many wise; but he has chosen the poor, and the weak, and the foolish, according to the wisdom of this world." That is not God's fault. On the contrary, the rich, the great, and the wise are so immersed in the established order that even God cannot use them. Thus it has been and must be.

Atlantis, August 5 VERULAM

[The above letter comes to *The Nation* from a distinguished public man whose name commands wide respect, but who is not at liberty to allow its use in this connection.—EDITOR of *The Nation.*]

Americanism in North Dakota

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to say, in comment upon the article in *The Nation* of July 12, by W. G. Roylance, that the title, "Americanism in North Dakota," strikes the nail squarely on the head. I am writing especially of the notion implied that this development is a phase of Americanism, and that, as such, we well-trained citizens should give it a fair chance. One of the earliest lessons in citizenship I remember receiving as a pupil, and possibly the one making the most lasting impression, was that the American plan of government is to be loyal to the voice of the majority, unless, indeed, a revolution is warranted. As a citizen of North Dakota for ten years, a citizen whose sympathy is by no means with turbulent revolutionists, I should be glad of the privilege of saying that Mr. Roylance has stated the situation very sanely throughout. Radical measures have been passed by our legislature, it is true, and measures which may prove ill-advised, but the average farmer in North Dakota is not a socialist. If he is, he was ten or twenty years ago.

So long as these western farmers are true to the principle of careful investigation and the American principle of majority rule, we should hesitate to try to win the fight against them by the method of epithet. There are some things in western physical conditions that bring out the elemental in man. When I, farming on a diminutive scale, in my garden, find that a hot sun, a parched soil, scorching blasts, battering hail, or untimely frosts may any day render my amusement-farming a loss, I think I get nearer to an understanding of the mental outlook of the citizen who seems resolved to remove by law any obstacle to his receiving what he conceives to be a fair division of the profits of his labor.

Jamestown, N. D., July 16 WILLIAM B. THOMAS

What Irishmen Want

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the issue of August 23 you state that some Irishmen in the United States are conspiring to upset by force a friendly government. Why do you not name the friendly government? If you mean the government of England, one may well question its friendliness, but let that pass. No Irishmen are conspiring to upset the government of England, be it friendly or unfriendly. We are quite content to leave the government of England to the people of England. We are all, however, resolved to put an end to English rule in Ireland by any appropriate means. If the destruction of English rule in Ireland be the overthrow of the government of England, why then the government of England must be already overthrown, since English rule was cast out of these United States.

Pittsfield, Mass., August 28 JOHN F. KELLY

Literature

Sound Money Doctrine

Money and Prices. By J. Laurence Laughlin. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THIS volume is a credit to its author's business enterprise. The closing of the war brought a lively demand for books on prices. Professor Laughlin had such a book, three hundred pages long, on the market in April. Only a man thoroughly prepared in advance can achieve such speed. Professor Laughlin was prepared. He had a barrel filled with the accumulated papers of more than thirty industrious years. This barrel contained a chapter on the theory of prices at large, a paper on gold and prices from 1873 to 1886, and two addresses on prices since 1896. A discussion of "The European War and Price Inflation" was added. Though there were full fifteen pages of this fresh matter about war prices, the book had still only 151 pages —just half enough. So Professor Laughlin dived into his barrel again for papers that bore some relation to his title. His selections make a humorous table of contents: "Agricultural Unrest," "Socialism in the Price Question," "A Monetary System for Santo Domingo," "The Refunding Bill of 1881," "Government *vs.* Bank Issues," and "The Monetary Commission of 1897."

In monetary theory Professor Laughlin has long stood as a staunch opponent of the "quantity theory." Price "is the ratio of exchange between goods and . . . gold" (p. 7). "The media of exchange come into play *after* the price-making process, and not as a part of that process. In the main, the media of exchange are a consequence, not a cause, of the influences determining prices" (p. 9). That is the gist of his critical position.

His constructive doctrine is outlined as follows: "The general level of prices is the resultant of two sets of forces acting both on the standard and on goods in general. The definite outcome can be known only after an examination of the relative strength of the various counteracting, or assisting, forces on both sides of the ratio (p. 7). This line of attack has a fatal defect. The "relative strength of the various counteracting, or assisting, forces" can be measured only by their common "resultant." Since there are four sets of these forces—"two sets . . . acting both on the standard and on goods in general"—and only one "resultant," the problem, so formulated, is insoluble.

But Professor Laughlin is not a "theorist of the mathematical school" (p. 138), and so has no scruples about announcing the answer to a succession of problems involving each a vague equation between the price level and four unmeasured forces. He achieves this end by a loose process of estimating "the relative strength of the various counteracting, or assisting, forces" quite independently of their resultant. Were he able to make actual measurements of the forces, or of any three among them upon any single occasion, his position would be sound. As matters stand, his estimates are shaped largely by his proprietary faith in the virtues of a gold standard. In such matters faith is treacherous.

Why did prices fall after 1873? Most economists think that the declining gold production was responsible in large measure. But Professor Laughlin believes that "all the phenomena presented to show the scarcity of gold are explicable on other grounds" (p. 77). The "main causes" of the fall of prices were improvements in industrial technique (p. 56). Why did prices rise after 1896? Again, most economists stress the changes in the annual output of gold. But Professor Laughlin answers: "The unexampled increase in the production of gold has not proportionately influenced prices, owing to the already large accumulations in the total stock. The admitted rise of prices must be due more to conditions affecting the production of goods, such as monopolies, trusts, higher wages for the same or less effort, increase in costs of obtaining materials, taxes, and the like" (p. 14). Finally, why did prices rise during the recent war? It is yet too early to say what the censensus of opinion

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will be. But Professor Laughlin's opinion is fixed: "This rise has been fully accounted for by forces affecting the supply, or expenses of producing goods, rather than by those touching the demand, or purchasing power, offered for goods" (p. 151).

Of course one might ask whether wages are not the price of labor, whether "costs of obtaining materials" are not the prices of raw commodities, and whether the "expenses of producing goods" in general are not aggregates of prices and therefore parts of the problem instead of parts of the solution. And one might ask many times for a statistical demonstration of the relative importance which Professor Laughlin ascribes with confidence to the different forces. But it is pleasanter to close with a touch of enthusiasm: "It is our rare good fortune to stand solidly on a gold standard, and to be saved from the ruinous losses of a fluctuating paper standard while engaged in the greatest war of all history. So long as our prices are gold prices their changes will be due to inevitable natural causes, which will adjust themselves automatically in the transition period after the end of the war. If this is inflation, let us have more of it" (p. 144).

The Old Testament in a New Aspect

Folk Lore in the Old Testament: Studies in Comparative Religion and Law. By Sir James George Frazer, Hon. D.C.L., Oxford. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co.

THIS portly work, three large octavo volumes, each exceeding five hundred pages, may be best described as a sort of commentary on the historical and legal parts of the ancient Hebrew Scriptures, written neither from a theological nor even from an edificatory point of view, but for the elucidation of those narratives or customary regulations which record legends or usages or beliefs belonging to the realm of what we now call Superstition rather than Religion. The best way to give an idea of the multifarious nature of the book is to note some of the chief topics wherewith it deals. Beginning with the Creation and Fall of Man as described in the book of Genesis, it deals at great length (250 pages) with the story of the Flood and, more briefly, with that of the Tower of Babel and the origin of a diversity of languages. Coming next to the Hebrew Patriarchs, it discusses the Covenant by Sacrifice made by Jehovah with Abraham, the heirship of Jacob, the younger son of Isaac, as excluding that of the elder Esau, together with various episodes in the chequered career of Jacob, including the stratagem of the kidskins, whereby he outwitted Esau, his dream at Bethel, his meeting with Rachel at the well, his marriage with his two cousins, the daughters of Laban, the incident of the mandrakes, and the striking story of the crossing of the brook Jabbok. Jacob may almost be called the hero of the book, for these events in his life occupy 500 pages, nearly one-third of the whole. From him we proceed to Joseph with his divining cup, and to Moses in his floating cradle of bulrushes, and to Israel's passage through the Red Sea, and the stories of Gideon, Jotham and Samson, to the Witch of Endor, King David's census of the people, the judgment of Solomon, Elijah and the ravens that fed him at the brook of Cherith, Jonah and the Whale. Strangely enough, Balaam and his ass are omitted, and not even referred to in the index, though one would have thought that the story offered an excellent opportunity for discussing the ample subject of animals that speak on great occasions, as does the horse of Achilles in the Iliad. Two short chapters on Israelitish worship in sacred groves and on "high places" lead the reader on to Part IV, which is occupied with various regulations contained in the so-called Mosaic Law, the explanations given of which are among the most curious parts of the book.

The method pursued is that with which the author has made us familiar in his long series of works on folk lore. He collects instances of beliefs held in other countries similar to those which he takes to be the origin of the Old Testament stories or so-called Mosaic laws, and sets the former beside the latter for the purpose of comparison. Sometimes he is content with citing the similarities he finds in these collected instances to show how widespread has been the superstition; sometimes he uses the parallel instances to explain Hebrew stories, trying to supply from them what may have been the older form of the legend. This plan is applied with great ingenuity to the two narratives of the Creation and the Fall which, proceeding from slightly different sources and written down at different dates, have been so blent together in the first three chapters of Genesis that it is only within recent times that critics have begun to disentangle each from the other. In reading the collections of parallel superstitions which the tireless industry of Sir James Frazer has gathered from hundreds or thousands of sources, the old question arises which so often perplexes the student of prehistoric art. When we find similar forms and patterns on the utensils, or used to decorate the walls of temples, in Egypt and again in Mexico or Peru, may we assume that some historical connection has existed between these remote peoples or is it not more probable that man's invention has in each country independently hit upon the same forms? So here, when a superstitious belief or custom is found among the Sioux of Dakota, among the Dyaks of Celebes, among the Bantu tribes of East Africa, and when traces of it are discoverable in ancient Israel also, is there any ground for thinking that any one of these races has learnt it from the other, and is it not rather due to the spontaneous action of man's fancy in an age when his thought is addressing itself to the explaining of his relations to Nature?

Prehistoric history, that is to say, the study of the human mind in those early stages of its growth when it had not yet invented methods of recording events, is one of the most fascinating of subjects. So here it is not easy to select from the vast amount of materials which this book, like the "Golden Bough" and other writings of the same author, presents to us, particular topics of special novelty and value. We have already called attention to the ingenious if not quite convincing suggestion made regarding the story of the Creation and particularly to the part played in it by the Serpent. The worship of sacred stones (Vol. II, pp. 58-77) is another ancient usage of particular interest because it connects our primitive ancestors with facts of the present day. The Kaaba at Mecca is still an object of supreme sanctity to the Mohammedan world. The "Stone of Fate" in Westminster Abbey, on which the British and Scottish kings were crowned at Scone in Perthshire till King Edward the First carried it off to England, and on which the kings of Great Britain are still crowned, was, according to a fantastic Celtic legend, the sacred stone of Bethel which Jacob made his pillow, and which in the course of ages travelled from Palestine to Egypt, and from Egypt to Spain, and from Spain to Ireland, and from Ireland by way of Scotland to London. Stone worship seems, from the cases here collected, to have existed in Greece and in Italy, in the islands of the Pacific, in Burma and India, in the Caucasus, in China and the East Indian Archipelago, in Madagascar and among the Indians of North America, and in Norway. Those who have seen Idumæan Petra will remember the tall obelisk of stone that stands beside the rock sanctuary. An ancient author, not quoted by Sir James Frazer, tells us that the famous figure of Cybele in Phrygia was "nothing but a black stone which the people called the Mother of the Gods."

Of sacred trees there is also an interesting account, dealing specially with the famous oak under whose boughs (Genesis, Ch. XVIII) Abraham entertained the three mysterious visitors. There is still to be seen three or four miles north of Hebron a very ancient tree which the inhabitants, honoring it greatly, believe to be that which existed in the patriarch's time. It is now reduced to a massive trunk with a few low boughs issuing from it, and answers to the descriptions given by Eusebius and Sozomen, who describe it as worshipped by some and revered by all in the fourth century A.D., nearly two thousand years after the reputed date of Abraham. A long and interesting discussion of the use of judicial ordeals is suggested by the rules laid

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down in the Hebrew Priestly Code (Numbers, Ch. V, v. 11-28) for the administration to a woman accused of adultery of water into which the dust of the sanctuary and the ink of a writing containing curses had been infused. This ordeal is a mild one compared with those among various tribes (mentioned by our author) in Africa and India, where the water to be drunk by the accused person has had a formidable poison poured into it; and one may suspect that whereas in its original form the "bitter water" administered by the Hebrew priest was poisonous, the rule embodied in the Pentateuch is due to a desire to give any innocent object of the charge a better chance of life. The practice of making people drink water in which written charms have been soaked is widely used among the Muslims, for good as well as for evil purposes, sentences from the Koran being employed in the former class of cases.

A more singular superstition is referred to in a passage in the first book of Samuel (Ch. XXV, v. 29) where Abigail, wishing to compliment David (then an outlaw from Saul), whose wife she soon afterwards became, says to him: "And though man be risen up to pursue thee, and to seek thy soul, yet the soul of my lord [i. e., of David] shall be bound in the bundle of life with Jehovah my God, and the souls of thine enemies shall he sling out as from the hollow of a string." These words "in the bundle of life," though they seem to have puzzled many commentators, are probably to be explained by the ancient and widely diffused belief that each man has a soul detachable from his body (i. e., an object which contains his life principle) and that while this "soul object" is safe, he lives, and when it perishes, he dies with it. This soul may be taken by him out of his body and hidden away in a place of safety. These words of Abigail's are therefore some evidence that this strange primitive notion existed among the early Semites as well as among many other peoples; and possibly it may also be referred to in Ezekiel (Ch. XIII, v. 17) where the prophet denounces certain soul-catching witches, and possibly also (though this seems to us much more doubtful) in Isaiah, Ch. III, v. 20. The superstition was still existing in the islands of the Pacific within the last forty years.

Space fails us to enumerate further instances in which light is thrown on the early Hebrew mind by the facts collected from the literature of other ancient nations, as from practices of tribes that have remained down to our time in a state of barbarism. Sir James Frazer does sometimes wander over a very wide field for his illustrations, as in his long discussions of the marriage of cousins apropos of Jacob's journey to Haran to espouse the daughter of his uncle Laban, and as in his examination of the (supposed) ancient usage called the *jus primae noctis*, which he completely (and quite rightly) discredits as baseless (Vol. I, p. 485). But the facts he collects are always interesting; and the time may well appear now to have passed when the method he has followed in dealing with Bible stories will excite serious displeasure, for we find dignitaries of the Anglican Church established in England criticizing the narratives in the books of Genesis and Judges just as they would dissect and test some of those to be found in the pages of Herodotus or Gregory of Tours. In an eloquent passage of his preface, Sir James Frazer insists that his treatment of the subject "does not disparage that higher side of the Hebrew genius which has manifested itself in a spiritual religion and a pure morality, and of which the Old Testament is the imperishable monument. On the contrary, the revelation of the baser elements which underlay the civilization of ancient Israel, as they underlie the civilization of modern Europe, serves rather as a foil to enhance by contrast the glory of a people which from such dark depths of ignorance and cruelty could rise to such bright heights of wisdom and virtue, as sunbeams appear to shine with a greater effulgence of beauty when they break through the murky clouds of a winter evening than when they flood the earth from the serene splendor of a summer noon." And to this remark we may add that now and then the ancient tale is linked on to some reflection or teaching with a bearing curiously different from that of the tale itself. Jonah's adventure with the sea monster might have come out of the Arabian Nights. But the incident of the gourd at Nineveh which follows, with the divine rebuke to the prophet (Ch. IV) for his displeasure at the sparing of Nineveh, give a lesson of mercy for which the fanciful adventure had not prepared the reader. The tale as we have it may well be composite and the work of different hands; but it was probably the moral lesson contained in the Nineveh episode that induced those ancient Jewish scholars who formed the Hebrew canon to give it a place there.

America and England

Explaining the Britishers. By Frederic William Wile. George H. Doran Company.

Shaking Hands with England. By Charles Hanson Towne. George H. Doran Company.

America and Britain. By H. H. Powers. The Macmillan Company.

British American Discords and Concords. A Record of Three Centuries. By the History Club. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

English Leadership. By J. M. Larned. C. A. Nichols Co.

America and Britain. By Andrew C. McLaughlin. E. P. Dutton and Company.

GREAT BRITAIN and America have recently been experiencing a new propaganda organized with the purpose of drawing the two nations together in thought and understanding. The main agency of this movement is the English Speaking Union (successor to the Atlantic Union of pre-war times) with its monthly publication, *The Landmark*, and its long list of distinguished officials from both sides of the water, the British president being Arthur Balfour and the American, William H. Taft. The issues of *The Landmark* to date show both understanding of past difficulties and differences and skill in treating them in a fair and honest manner which should make for a substantial sympathy. Less wisely conceived, and often the product of hasty writing, are a number of books now appearing whose authors are, nevertheless, sincerely desirous of removing past national antagonisms.

Mr. Wile's "Explaining the Britishers" and Mr. Towne's "Shaking Hands with England" are merely frank and outspoken laudations of British courage, honor, and whole-hearted devotion in the war, whether in the army, the navy, or in industry, though the first work dwells upon the fact that the Government of Great Britain today is essentially a "people's government," and lists for American readers the representatives of labor now in important positions. Mr. Powers's "America and Britain" with extreme brevity also sounds the note of British praise, but in terms of historical narrative rather than of contemporary description, and with a hastiness of treatment and carelessness of generalization that lessen, for the student at least, the conclusion that the author would drive home: the need of a more just American appreciation of Britain's institutions and policies. Mr. Powers is inexact (as in stating the causes of the War of 1812), and the work as a whole lacks that information and insight which gave his earlier books on the European War such unusual prominence. More scholarly, with the earmarks of real study and investigation about it, and yet too sketchy to be of much service in the propaganda for a better understanding, is "British American Discords and Concords." The reader who already knows the history of British-American relations will be interested, even though he may disagree at points; the reader who does not know will remain unenlightened, for the work is at best but a syllabus. Nor is it altogether well founded historically, as, for instance, when it applauds Canning's support of the Monroe Doctrine—a support rendered only in public, while in private instructions to British diplomats Canning issued warnings against the disastrous effects of that doctrine, to Britain, if it were carried out. The theme of this work is the growth of British democracy, and

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especially the argument that the American Revolution was essentially a British struggle for self-government fought out on American soil. The general truth is very well stated and illustrated—that Britain and America have an essential historical unity in their progress toward the present forms and machinery of democracy.

More ambitious in purpose is "English Leadership" by the late J. M. Larned. As originally planned by the author, this was to be an exhibit of the superior ability of British intellect in formulating and developing the principles and forms of government. As it now appears, the work is a most curious mosaic, the author's manuscript, which at best cannot be said to have progressed beyond a compact resumé of English constitutional history, being now interlarded with an editor's notes and digressions that destroy the author's continuity and add nothing. The only merit of the book is the introduction by the too generous Mr. Taft, for here is presented a clear-cut essay of considerable length emphasizing the American inheritance of English justice, founded in long-established tradition, and become a quality not merely of British law but also of British administration.

Thus five of the six works, all a product of this propaganda, either are negligible or are too sketchy to be of much effect. The sixth, Mr. McLaughlin's "America and Britain," is of another stamp, for it is a definite (almost a desperate) attempt to explain the Americans to the British. The work is an interesting one if only because of the conditions under which it was written, for the author was quasi-officially selected during the war to go to England and there, by lectures, to enlighten fellow historians as to why America was so slow to draw the sword, what her purposes were, and above all to make clear her ideals and motives. Each lecture (now a chapter) is thus first an historical essay, second an excuse, third an exposition in which Wilsonian principles are made to conform to the development of American history.

The excuse is simple; it is straightforwardly given, and it is the truth—that America, as both nation and people, was profoundly ignorant of Europe. The historical essay, though hampered in presentation by the necessity of weaving in an exposition of principles, is scholarly and sound. The author naturally dwells much (since this is his field of scholarship) on the Revolutionary and early constitution-making period of American history. He develops the British-contest-in-America theory of the Revolution; yet he states very clearly the most essential thing to remember in all reviews of past British-American relations—namely, that British governmental ill-will toward America up to 1867 was based on a dislike of democracy, and on a fear of the effect of the American example upon the British people clamoring for self-government. The historical portion of the book makes, indeed, an excellent beginning of those many writings which must be produced to correct old and ill-founded antagonisms. But the exposition of principles? On this it is difficult to make comment, for here is such a weaving to and fro of hazy language about the inner meaning of American democracy as to confuse and exasperate the reader. For the author, American democracy holds an almost Utopian vision of society, and has always held it—a view certainly far removed from Jefferson's definition of democracy as being simply the best, safest, and on the whole most just mechanism of government yet found. But we were all groping during the war, after our American fashion, for an exceptional statement of principles, not content with the simple and obvious ones. And indeed the author's ideas, because of their sincerity in idealism, may have served to drive home for Englishmen that quality of spiritual motives which is truly ours, but which other nations are slow to acknowledge in us. And for Americans the work is desirable reading in its fair, yet just and historically correct, view of our British relations in the past. We quarreled up to 1867 while England was an aristocratically ruled state, and the United States was democratically ruled. Once governed alike, we should give up our old animosities.

"The Tumult of the Soul"

Mary Olivier: A Life. By May Sinclair. The Macmillan Company.
Consequences. By E. M. Delafield. Alfred A. Knopf.
Heritage. By V. Sackville West. George H. Doran Company.

THOSE who were young and filled with the ardor of very late Victorian verse when Miss May Sinclair's "The Divine Fire" appeared must always feel for her a shy and retrospective tenderness. How she revealed that generation of youngsters to itself! How she held up her mirror to the rather pointless frenzies of its own self-idealization! If, by chance, you picked up "The Divine Fire" in later years, you were apt to be rather blank over its fundamental conventionality both as a work of art and as a record of life, and you were apt to feel foolish over the satisfaction you had once taken in the feeble rebellion of its fringes. But the tenderness continued, even though the quality of her later books varied so astonishingly. It was deepened by the fact that her best book, "The Combined Maze"—an extraordinarily complete and ripe and sober work—seemed to slip quite out of notice in favor of the weaker and more superficial novels which she has written from time to time.

It is assuredly no indiscretion to take "Mary Olivier" to be largely autobiographical. Not many young Englishwomen in the eighties, imprisoned in a family life so narrow that scarcely one's silent thoughts were free, taught themselves Greek and translated the "Bacchæ" of Euripides into the measures of Whitman; not many shared Spinoza's intoxication with God, struggled with the original text of Kant's "Transcendental Æsthetic," read Hegel, and steeped themselves in Schopenhauer's sombre eloquence. Mary Olivier tried to dig to the very centre of reality with the hardihood won by these adventures of the mind. The people from whom, despite her clinging love of them, she sought refuge—her father, her brothers, above all, her mother—are portrayed, moreover, with that last certainty of touch which arises only when observation has been sharpened by the rebellion and the pain of youth. The people are all hopelessly ensnared in intellectual, moral, and personal illusions, and Mary has to fight her way to her own contact with reality through disappointment and grief and death. According to Miss Sinclair she achieves that contact in some cloudy and transcendental way. But the spiritual conclusion is lame. The truth is that Mary attains not reality but resignation. And not resignation to her old life, from which she fled to the great thinkers, but to a new and more tolerable one. For however much the death of her brothers and her mother bruised her heart, it liberated her person and her mind, and her one autumnal adventure of love assuaged the dying flame of her middle years. So one may say that if the spiritual conclusion is lame, it is only because Mary Olivier's tireless mind was not contented with the sobrieties of life but sought merely to transcend them—and, of course, failed as transcendentalists always do on such occasions.

This beautiful and distinguished book is somewhat impaired by its manner. Miss Sinclair is tired of the old narrative methods. She makes a man of letters in the book say: "I want to go smash through some of the traditions. The tradition of the long grey paragraph." What she means is something more radical, of course, than an innovation in typography. In "Mary Olivier" she abandons all continuity of narrative surface. The book is a long succession of glimpses, impressions, momentary exposures of scenes and people and situations. These do, without doubt, by their cumulative effect build up in the reader's mind the images which Miss Sinclair strives to project. But the method is a teasing and troublesome one. It emphasizes the process of selection which is the basis of art; it renders more difficult the creation of that illusion of reality which is its aim.

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The conflict between the generations, the theme of so many modern novels and plays, is basic not only to "Mary Olivier" but also to Miss Delafield's "Consequences." Miss Delafield is younger than Miss Sinclair, and so her note of rebellion against the older generation and its order is at once colder and more bitter; her portrayal of its members is at once intimate and more contemptuous; her condemnation of them is far harsher. Miss Sinclair permits her Mary Olivier to survive the struggle and to build a life of her own; Miss Delafield's Alexandra Clare, a girl of trembling sensitiveness and of all the weaknesses and possibilities of her type, is ruined by the struggle in body and soul and driven to an unwilling and ignominious death. Such books bring home to the thoughtful reader more and more clearly the desperateness with which the civilized mind of our day is tearing at the foundations of moral and social traditions. By the side of Miss Delafield's cold fierceness, the little rebellions of Nora and Magda seem dim and far and mild. The attitude of Tom Jones, whose peccadilloes were many but whose belief in the perfection of Mr. Alworthy's code and practice was never disturbed, seems suddenly thrust into a remote and almost unintelligible antiquity.

It is significant that in "Consequences" Miss Delafield has dropped her satiric manner and attitude almost wholly. She is too eagerly in earnest. Not that she ever permits herself to sound a directly emotional or personal note, or even denies herself, for the close of her book, a bit of dark and tragic irony. But her detachment of the mind is gone, for all the objectivity and iciness of her manner. She is feverishly concerned over the wrongs of Alex and scathingly contemptuous of the girl's mother and father. The latter, she tells us, "would have liked Alex to be prettily eager for pleasure, as were the young ladies of his day and ideal, and he regarded her obvious discontent and unhappiness as a slur on Lady Isabel's exertions on her behalf." But Alex is not attractive and she is morbidly shrinking; she has no small talk but a great yearning of the heart; she drifts under the influence of a sincere but limited nature and embraces the conventual life. The description of her years in a Belgian convent inevitably recalls George Moore's "Sister Teresa" and scarcely suffers by the severe test of the comparison. Alex rebels at last. But her rebellion is too late and guided too little from within. Her piteous end is certain from the moment of her difficult release. The whole story of her life is firmly wrought and consequently exhibits the energy of Miss Delafield's strong and bitter and incisive mind.

To read "Heritage" after "Mary Olivier" and "Consequences" is like going into the peace of wide fields from rooms that are full of the cries of troubled souls. Not that Mr. West's heroine, Ruth Pennistan, has not her conflict, too—a conflict that arises from a divided nature and is embodied concretely enough in life. But the peasant girl is as strong in action as she is patient in suffering. She is neither inhibited from the one nor crushed by the other. She is inarticulate, and so action is her expression. She does not, in the wider sense, think at all. Hence her problem always remains definite and limited in its implications and is solved by the rich strength of her impassioned nature. With the varied elements in that nature Mr. West is particularly concerned. For he has sought to study the effects of a strain of Spanish blood brought by a great-grandmother into a peasant clan in the Weald of Kent. His study has largeness of outline and a brooding and enveloping, rather than a close and intimate, contact with its subject. His narrative method has something of Joseph Conrad's and something of Henry James's. For a first book, indeed, "Heritage" is almost too accomplished, its author's appearance of ease and mastery almost too complete. One might say that the deliberate discursiveness of his style is easier in itself than either Miss Sinclair's sharp, brief glimpses or Miss Delafield's lightly knit and unswerving narrative. There is the distinct impression—which Mr. West's next book may indeed belie—that his smooth art holds little in reserve of either flexibility or power.

Essays in Little

Leaves in the Wind. By Alpha of the Plough. E. P. Dutton and Company.

THOSE who fear that the art of the familiar essay, like the art of leisurely letter-writing, may vanish in an age of economists, psychiatrists, and calculators, may take heart upon reading "Leaves in the Wind." If there were a diminutive for lucubrations, it would be the right word for these charming essays in little. Here are no hedgerow musings, the delight of the solitary, nor exercises in paradox, the last refuge of the monologist. These are the work of a born conversationalist, revelling in the genial contact of mind with mind. Alpha of the Plough, otherwise Mr. A. G. Gardiner, the literary survivor of a galaxy of journalists who before the war irradiated the columns of *The Star* (London), is content, as other master-essayists have been content, to write about the London of his time. Fleet Street, a house and garden in the suburbs, and the bus that connects the two are his settings. Out of these grow most of his subjects. He does not shrink from well-worn themes. Like Bacon, he discusses death; like Addison, women's dress; like Lamb, the comic genius of the moment (who happens to be Harry Lauder); like Stevenson, the garden of his childhood. There could be no better test of an essay writer than his power to invest such perennial subjects of conversation with a fresh charm. "Leaves in the Wind" meets the test and succeeds. Though the leaves are slight things, and being now shut up in a book they might be called dead things, there is life in the wind that moves them.

The cardinal virtue of Mr. Gardiner's writing is that it possesses many resources and exploits none of them. It is supple and various. He can be whimsical On a Smile in a Shaving Glass or On Being Called Thompson, and yet refrain from making a specialty of whim. He can enjoy high spirits as in the paper On Giving up Tobacco, and yet recover a decent gravity. His fund of new and apt quotation is large, but he is ever willing to remind us of familiar lines when they rise naturally to his lips. He can be brilliant, as when in the essay On a Famous Sermon—Canon Fleming's sermon "On Recognition in Eternity"—he conjures up the picture of Canon Fleming meeting in heaven a certain American clergyman from whom he had stolen and used as his own a discourse on the vices of great cities. But Mr. Gardiner practices that control of brilliance, which, as he tells us, is the distinction between good and merely clever talk. "The foundation of good talk is good sense, good humor, and the gift of fellowship." It is the abundant possession of these three things that makes "Leaves in the Wind" a most companionable volume now and will probably keep it so after the topical matters discussed in it are no longer appealing.

And in the persistent assertion of such qualities during the most critical period of the war, when these essays were written and first printed, there is a certain gallantry. To preserve the easy tone of familiar talk when the nerves are tingling, to maintain one's good sense and good humor while the whole world turns to coal, requires a social sense deeper than superficial urbanity. Lovers of Lamb will recall the ecstasy of his admiration for a scene in Ford's "Broken Heart" where the Spartan princess Calantha continues a ceremonial dance, outwardly unmoved, while news of her father's death and of her lover's murder is brought to her. Something of the same victory over "dilaceration of the spirit and exteneration of the inmost mind" is Mr. Gardiner's. He wrote *causeries* for readers of *The Star* as an officer before an attack might talk of quiet home things to steady his men. If *Punch* deserves a monument for its services in heartening the British public in the dark days of the war, when laughter was nearly the only light and nearly all the sweetness, Alpha of the Plough should have a place somewhere on the pediment in recognition of his slighter but still valuable achievement.

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Books in Brief

GENERAL SIR F. MAURICE'S study of the military movements of the first six weeks of the Great War, "Forty Days in 1914" (Doran), originated, he tells us, in curiosity: he wished to determine the German plan of campaign and the daily progress of the German armies during the great retreat of the British expeditionary force from Mons to the Marne. The result is a clear, simple statement, free from technical details, of what seems to have happened along the line of march during those eventful weeks. General Maurice has discovered that the English army was a far more important factor in this campaign than has hitherto been believed, delaying the enemy and disarranging his plans to the evident advantage of the French. During this retreat the English were several times in danger of capture, but von Kluck was apparently not equal to his opportunities. One cannot read General Maurice's narrative without being impressed with the importance of seemingly insignificant events; the resistance of the Belgians at Liège, for instance, looks like a futile effort, but it delayed the Germans forty-eight hours and thus enabled the English to escape from a most dangerous situation. The story of the first battle of the Marne has been told many times and from different viewpoints, but nearly all who have written on this subject have agreed in ascribing the victory to the forward dash of the French ninth army under the command of General Foch. With this conclusion General Maurice is not wholly in agreement. While granting that General Foch rendered brilliant service to the Allied cause on the field of the Marne, he is, nevertheless, inclined to hold that General French and the English forces deserve the greater credit. "I am convinced that history will decide that it was the crossing of the Marne in the early hours of the 9th of September, 1914, which turned the scale against von Kluck and saved Manoury at a time of crisis. Foch's blow at La Fère Champenoise was not struck until late in the afternoon, and by 4 p. m.—that is, before Foch's orders for his master stroke had taken effect—both our cavalry and our airmen reported that the German columns on our front were streaming northward." The importance of the French advance was that it turned "what would otherwise have been a limited success into a complete victory." The French will probably not accept this verdict.

SOME books justify their existence by mellowing their readers. Among them may be placed "The Life and Letters of William Thomson, Archbishop of York" (John Lane) by his daughter-in-law, Ethel H. Thomson. The book teaches us to tolerate archbishops. One is amused when the archbishop starts off and buys china ornaments to help him entertain the Prince of Wales, or when he dares the terrors of the Paris shops to get a proper bonnet for his daughter; one is still not far from an irritated amusement when one is bidden to look at the curiosities of controversy over ritual or the proprieties of the Convocation of York; but one is completely mollified by His Grace's kindly relations with the workingmen of Sheffield and his unfailing good-humor in his correspondence. He did his part in holding the diverse classes of his gracious Queen together. And though all archbishops are tempted to do such things for the sake of doing them, one feels that this archbishop did it for reasons more genuine. We are told that Victoria's sole interference with Lord Palmerston was her demand for Thomson's appointment to the see of York. And the choice was a worthy one. Archbishop Thomson believed in the Scriptures, in the Atonement, in the Creed, in the Thirty-nine Articles; also in the Establishment and in freedom as officially interpreted by Parliament. But his beliefs are not so interesting as his letters. These make us tolerant of archbishops. "I was up at four this morning and this is about my sixty-fifth letter," he writes shortly before his sixtieth birthday. "I wrote with my own hand thirty-two before breakfast." When his boys were at school, he wrote them every day. Scarcely a note is without a touch of serene humor. One feels that such notes belong with a green lawn and spreading elms. There are some capital anecdotes. The Shah of Persia heard the Archbishops of Canterbury and York protest against the Persian treatment of Christians and relieved their anxiety by assuring them that the Christians in his country were infinitely more comfortable than those in theirs. A great Lady was explaining to her child the formalities of presentation at court. "We kiss the Queen's hand." To which the little democrat: "Hasn't she got a face?" "Gladstone seems to think out his speech as he goes along," said some one. To which Bagehot replied: "No wonder! It is the only leisure he ever has."

COTTAGE life on the uplands of Devonshire supplies the raw material for "The Dartmoor Window Again" (Longmans, Green). But the author, Beatrice Chase (Miss Olive Katharine Parr), has woven about her observations of remote rural England and its oddities of speech and character a tissue of intimate inanities. Most of her book is given over to a record of her moods, of the letters she has received or sent, of the visitors who throng to her door, and of her pet names for members of her household, for the rooms of her cottage, for her typewriter even. She chiefly delights to chronicle those trifles of personal life that are as well left nameless and unremembered. As a result the topography of the moorland is barely discernible beneath the landscape of sentimentality with which Miss Parr overlays it. Pathetic fallacies bristle in her neighborhood more rankly than gorse. Witness her sensations on a frosty morning; "I stood there, utterly entranced, once again blessing high heaven for its daily miracles on Dartmoor. Then up came King Sun, and stood with his chin on the highest ridge of moor, gazing at Frost and me. He, too, found it enthralling, so enthralling that he began to suck up the lovely gemmed veil and absorb it into himself. I was rather aggrieved at this, but Frost said I need not be, for it only emphasized his magic to do it afresh each night." It is upon unredeemed and savage tors, like those of Egdon Heath in Hardy's "Return of the Native," that Miss Parr sloshes her gratitude to high heaven. Had that luxuriant sentimentalist, Eustacia Vye, of Hardy's novel, grown religious like her husband and become aware of the æsthetic poses possible on a moor, the diary of her life among the heath dwellers would have been such a book as this. Few readers of Miss Parr, however, will be inclined for such a reason to regret that Hardy left his heroine at the bottom of a weir.

STUDENTS of State history know that the history of Connecticut's institutions, political, social, and ecclesiastical, between 1776 and the formation of her first Constitution in 1818, was unique and remarkably picturesque. Connecticut was one of the two States which retained their old Colonial charters after the Revolution as their fundamental law. She was the State in which union between the church and the civil government was closest. Her government, satisfactory so long as her citizens showed general unanimity of political feeling, was narrow, harsh, and tyrannical to the minority when there arose a considerable body of Dissenters and Republicans to challenge the right of the Federalist-Congregationalist "standing order" to rule forever. This and the settled conservatism of "the land of steady habits" made the long struggle of the minority for a modernized constitution and for a divorce between state and church a bitterly intense one. A full and a scholarly treatment of the subject now appears in Richard J. Purcell's "Connecticut in Transition" (published by the Oxford Press for the American Historical Association), which in 1916 received the Justin Winsor Prize. To a certain extent Dr. Purcell covers economic history as connected with political, constitutional, and ecclesiastical history, but he largely, and unfortunately, neglects educational history. The study is also somewhat lacking in dramatic interest. The chief leaders on each side—as "Pope" Dwight, Noah Webster, and Jonathan Trumbull for the Federal-

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ists, and for the Republicans Abraham Bishop, hero of the famous Yale commencement controversy of 1800 when his Phi Beta Kappa address was a political onslaught upon the Federalists Pierrepont Edwards and Gideon Granger—were extremely striking figures; the pamphleteering was at times richly amusing; the battles were violent and excited.

"THE Founders. Portraits of Persons Born Abroad Who Came to the Colonies in North America Before the Year 1701. With an Introduction, Biographical Outlines and Comments on the Portraits by Charles Knowles Bolton" (The Boston Athenæum, 2 vols.) is a valuable and very interesting contribution to the early history of this country. It contains reproductions of the portraits of 132 of our earliest and most distinguished colonists. Of the settlers of Carolina there are to be found the portraits of eleven, of Virginia and Maryland thirty-eight, of the Middle States thirty, of New England fifty-one, and of the West two. Among those of New York are Peter Stuyvesant, and Richard Coote, Earl of Bellomont, governors; Caleb Heathcote and Cornelius Steenwyck, mayors of the city of New York, and J. Steendam, our earliest poet. Twenty-one portraits of women are included in the collection, the frontispiece to the work being that of Hannah, the wife of William Penn. She was admired for her brave spirit and is said to have guided Pennsylvania, after her husband's death, "with greater success than the great 'Proprietor' had been able to do." The West is represented by La Salle and Father Marquette. The best known representative of New England is Gov. John Winthrop, through whose guidance "Massachusetts stood for a positive democracy, strong and clean-cut, influential and enduring."

IN "The Freedom of the Seas" (Dutton) Louise Fargo Brown writes from abundant information, but with an air of too easy assurance, treating casually or allusively matters that seem to require the closest explanation. This fault, arising from an effort to write popularly, will no doubt disappear in the more extended and more fully documented volume on the same subject promised in the preface, to cover the period following 1713. Another scholar is to deal with the period preceding. These studies will have a genuine value as the only thorough historical investigations confined to this field, though the tale of the tortuous growth of sea law from Grotius's time to our own will lose something of its significance in the international reorganization now impending. While justifying in the circumstances the unexampled control of commerce by sea power in the recent war, the author of "The Freedom of the Seas" fears its possible effect upon future international law, holding with many others that the true aim is complete immunity of war-time trade save in actual munitions. But the whole trend of modern warfare shows the futility of thus trying to mitigate the destructiveness of war and to reduce it, as in mediæval times, to a well-regulated game.

"THE Human Machine and Industrial Efficiency," by Professor Frederic S. Lee (Longmans, Green), is a useful little collection of facts on an important subject. It represents the modern scientific attitude towards physical labor instead of the old, traditional rule of thumb. That better results may be obtained by a short working day than by a long one, that output is increased if the worker rests frequently, that money spent by the manufacturer on ventilation, food, and lighting for the benefit of employees, earns good interest, are new conceptions to the general public and should be widely diffused. Even the Utopian thirty-hour week may be realized without any diminution in efficiency, if the workers do their best under scientific methods. The book is clearly written and provided with useful graphs and illustrations.

IN the review entitled "The League of Nations," in *The Nation* for August 16, Mr. Stallybrass's "A Society of States" (Dutton) was incorrectly called "A Society of Nations."

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Eccles, Francis Y. La Liquidation du Romantisme. Oxford University Press.

Newbolt, Henry. Poetry and Time. Warton Lecture on English Poetry. Oxford University Press.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Allison, J. Murray (Compiler). Raemaekers' Cartoon History of the War. Volume 3. Century. $1.75.

Le Roux, Louis-N. J. Ramsay MacDonald. Niort, France: Les Argonautes.

Mookerji, Radhakumud. Local Government in Ancient India. Oxford University Press.

POETRY AND DRAMA

Baker, Karle Wilson. Blue Smoke. Yale University Press.

Hornaday, William T. Old-Fashioned Verses. Clark & Fritts.

FICTION

Akins, Zoë. Cake Upon the Waters. Century. $1.35.

Aumonier, Stacy. The Querrils. Century. $1.60.

Barbour, Ralph H., and Holt, H. P. Fortunes of War. Century. $1.50.

De Morgan, William. The Old Madhouse. Holt. $1.90.

Knipe, Emilie B. and Alden A. Vive La France. A Narrative Founded on the Diary of Jeannette de Martigny. Century. $1.50.

Lane, Jeremy. Yellow Men Sleep. Century. $1.60.

Price, Edith B. Blue Magic. Century. $1.

Tarkington, Booth. Ramsey Milholland. Doubleday, Page. $1.50.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Chung, Henry. The Oriental Policy of the United States. Revell. $2.

Evans, Frederick N. Town Improvement. Appleton. $2.50.

Government Versus Private Railroads. Journal of the National Institute of Social Sciences. June 1, 1919. Boston: Faxon Co.

Pepper, Charles M. American Foreign Trade. Century. $2.50.

Willoughby, William F. Government Organization in War Time and After. Appleton. $2.50.

Wing, George C. Applied Profit Sharing. The Author.

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Husband, Joseph. A Year in the Navy. Houghton Mifflin. $1.35.

Lucas, Charles. The War and the Empire. Oxford University Press.

MacCauley, Clay. Looking Before and After. Yokohama: Kelly & Walsh.

SCIENCE

Reynold's After-War Atlas and Gazetteer of the World. Reynold's Publishing Co.

Schrader, Franz. The Foundations of Geography in the Twentieth Century. Oxford University Press.

EDUCATION

Buisson, Ferdinand, and Farrington, Frederic E. French Educational Ideals of Today. Yonkers: World Book Co. $2.25.

Jerusalem, William. Problems of the Secondary Teacher. Translated by Charles F. Sanders. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.75.

Laing, Graham A. An Introduction to Economics. Gregg Publishing Co. $1.20.

Newton, A. W. The English Elementary School. Longmans, Green. $2.

Stoddard, William L. Everyday English Writing. Macmillan.

NATURE AND OUTDOOR LIFE

Henshall, James A. Bass, Pike, Perch, and Other Game Fishes of America. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd. $2.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

Second Report of the Joint Commission on The Book of Common Prayer Appointed by the General Convention of 1913. Macmillan.

Slattery, Charles L. (Editor) The Church and its American Opportunity. Macmillan. $1.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

Balkin, Harry H. The New Science of Analyzing Character. Four Seas. $2.50.

Coale, Anna W. Summer in the Girls' Camp. Century. $1.50.

BuBled, Victor. Jeux de Cartes, Dés, Echecs. Paris: Delagrave.

Elsom, J. C., and Trilling, Blanche M. Social Games and Group Dances. Lippincott. $1.75.

Index—The New York Times, April, May, June, 1919. The New York Times Co.

Link, Henry C. Employment Psychology. Macmillan. $2.50.

McCann, Alfred. The Science of Eating. Doran. $2.

Official Army Register, December 1, 1918. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Scholes, Percy A. The Listener's Guide to Music. Oxford University Press.

Teich, Emma L., and Nolan, Frances. The Cumulative Book Index, January 1918 to June 1919. Wilson Co.

Ward, Gilbert O. Suggestive Outlines and Methods for Teaching the Use of the Library. Boston: Faxon Co. $1.50.

Wead, Mary E. (compiler). A Catalogue of the Dr. Samuel A. Jones Carlyle Collection. University of Michigan.

Wright, Florence S. Industrial Nursing. Macmillan.

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